LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

# FASHIONS

## *For SEPTEMBER*, 1807.

## EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

### ENGLISH COSTUME.

#### No 1.—Evening Dress.

A round train dress of India muslin, embroidered in a fancy border of needle-work at the feet. The stock bosom, ornamented with white beads. A full Spanish short sleeve, over a plain one of white satin. A scolloped lace tucker, placed strait round the bosom. Circassian scarf of gold, chambrey, or lace, crossing the back, and gathered in front of the left shoulder into an emerald brooch, reaching to the feet, finished with a gold tassel, and occasionally formed into drapery by the attitude of the right hand. The hair tastefully disposed in bands and curls; and a small ostrich feather crossing the crown towards the right side, is fastened to the hair with an emerald stud. Earrings, necklace, and bracelets of pearl, with emerald clasps. White kid gloves and shoes.

#### No. 2.—Evening Walking Dress.

A plain round gown of jaconot muslin, a walking length, simply ornamented with rows of open-hems round the bottom. A plain square bosom sitting close to the form, laced up the front, and trimmed at the edge with twisted muslin. A large straw hat of the Gipsy form, tied across the crown with a silk handkerchief. Deep Vandyke stock, of lace or needle-work. A black lace or Chinese shawl, thrown in irregular negligence over the shoulders. Straw-coloured kid gloves and shoes. White sarsnet parasol, deeply fringed, and painted in historical devices.

#### No. 3.—A Walking Dress.

A plain round robe of the finest French cambric. A Capuchin cloak of muslin or coloured sarsnet, edged in Vandyke, sitting close round the throat, with a falling collar, and confined in the centre with a ribband or brooch. A Village hat, of straw or chip, with silk crown, and ribband to correspond with the cloak. Shoes of brown kid; gloves York tan; and parasol of clouded sarsnet.

#### No. 4.—Evening Dress.

A round train gown of white sarsnet, with square back, wrap front, and short full sleeve; ornamented round the bottom, bosom and sleeves with a rich chenille ribband of shaded green. A short sash tied behind with shaded chenille ends. The Parisian head-dress, composed of the hair formed in braids and curls, blended with bands of green and gold foil. The pear earrings of gold and pearl. An imperial necklace of linked gold; elastic bracelets of the same, with emerald studs. Shoes white satin; gloves French kid; and fan of white crape, painted in a border of the yellow jessamine.

## A REGULAR AND EXTENSIVE DELINEATION

OF THE MOST SELECT

## *FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON;*

*Transmitted from the several Places of elegant resort.*

Although the flight of our fashionable fair leaves us little to communicate immediately from the metropolis, on the score of fashionable intelligence, yet as we pursue the changeful goddess with determined perseverance, in her various haunts, we hope to collect for her fair votaries a selection of delineations equally copious with those advantages which our extensive limits of observation afford. It is true, that our brilliant parties, and public assemblies are for a while suspended; that our streets no longer resound with the rolling of splendid equipages, or attract by the number and elegance of their fair pedestrians: both animate and inanimate nature however need their allotted portion of rest; and the present period may not, therefore, improperly be termed the repose of the metropolis. But genius, taste, and pleasure are always active, they disdain the dormant faculties of languor and supineness; and merely shift the scene, in which they are ever destined to perform the principal

part. Accordingly at Brighton, at Ramsgate, at Worthing, at Yarmouth, at Scarborough, we find them holding their respective courts, and by combining their attractions, giving lustre and animation to each gay and social scene. Now as at these places of summer resort, the splendid habit of the drawing-room is somewhat laid aside, it is the more requisite that the evening and morning, the walking, or carriage costume, should chiefly engage our present attention; for at the summer evening assemblies, the *petit déjeuné*, or any rural *fete*, the attire to be considered either elegant or consistent, should partake more of a graceful, unobtrusive simplicity, than of that dazzling display which distinguishes the winter ball or drawing-room. It is in the unstudied, yet chaste and tasteful garb of a domestic gentlewoman, in the neat, yet elegant attire appropriated to the evening walk, where taste and fashion unite in forming an interesting simplicity of style, that a beautiful woman will engage the attention, and come nearest the heart. We naturally glance from external grace, neatness, and propriety, to the purity of the soul, and the order of the mind; and our admiration insensibly changes to esteem and affection as we contemplate the existing analogy. We have in our former communications, occasionally insisted on the necessary attention of females to this particular style of decoration; and at a period when from its appropriate qualities, the adoption will consequently be more general, it will not be amiss to dwell more at large on its nature and advantages. We will begin with the walking, or carriage costume, which we consider never to have combined more variety and elegance than at the present season. The robe *pelisse* of plain or embroidered muslin, let in down the seams, and entirely round, with double rows of beading in embroidery, is exceedingly esteemed, both as a morning robe, or sea-side wrap. The Brunswick mob and vest, the simple jacket and petticoat, made high in the neck, with Spanish capes and Catalani sleeves, trimmed with Vandyke lace, are all articles of fashionable celebrity. But the Bannian, or Chinese coat, as a carriage habit, ranks high in novelty and elegance. It is formed as a large open pelisse, but short, not reaching below the bend of the knee; and is composed of a soft Chinese silk, a salmon colour, over which runs in a very small pattern, the tea leaf and berry. It is simply confined at the throat with a brooch, or chord and tassel of lilac silk; and a similar one is suspended from the bottom of the waist behind, meant occasionally to confine the coat. Round the bottom is placed a deep lilac silk fringe, of uncommon richness, and beautifully shaded. This very *unique* and elegant article is usually worn with a small jockey bonnet, of wove and variegated willow; fringed at the crown with light green or lilac. The short canonical cloak of muslin, or coloured sarsnet, trimmed with thread lace. The Spanish scarf, and Chili girdle, together with simple scarfs of coloured Italian crape, twisted fancifully round the figure, and worn with small transparent bonnets of the same, are all articles which rank high amidst a fashionable selection. The Arcadian hat of straw, or black chip, composes much simple and novel elegance. It is somewhat of the small gipsy form, with an oval, or melon crown. The rim sits close on one side of the head, so as to cover the ear; and on the other, exhibits a small French cap of lace, or a *demi* crown of similar materials with the hat; a half handkerchief of black net, embroidered in coloured silks, (chiefly shaded crimson, or jonquille), simply crosses the crown, and confines it under the chin. Some ladies add a flower in front, others pass a small wreath across the forehead so as to blend tastefully with the hair; and each of these additions have a most animated and pleasing effect, and renders this uncommonly elegant ornament, sufficiently dressy for an evening party. Simple gipsy hats of straw and chip, are still prevalent; and a bonnet somewhat of the Minerva form, is lately introduced on the evening parades. It is formed of a rich fancy sarsnet, shaded in the form of small clouds; ornamented with Angola feathers on the crown, of correspondent hues; and finished at the edge with the French binding. Many ladies appear on the public walks in simple caps of satin, or lace, lined with coloured sarsnet, and ornamented with wreaths, or small bunches of flowers. Over the cap, or suspended from the edge, is seen a short veil of French lace. Indeed we remark, that no female of fashionable pretensions appears in a cap or small hat, without this chaste and becoming appendage. The veil is so graceful and interesting an ornament, that which ever way disposed it must ever produce a distinguishing effect. We take upon us however to recommend some attention to the size and disposition of this generally becoming ornament; in which particular it should at all times be adapted to the style of feature and stature of the several wearers; a short woman obscures the possible symmetry of her figure by a long or wide veil, while a female of a commanding height, graceful carriage, and imposing air, receives from the long veil considerable advantage. The style of gowns and robes differ not very materially from our last communication. The plain high front, sitting close to the form, with narrow shoulder-strap and low back; the plain Vandyke tucker, or French lappelled handkerchief trimmed with Vandyke lace; the small puckered front and sleeves to

dresses of coloured crape; the lozenge front and sleeve, formed of alternate stripes of French net and satin ribband; white tiffany short dress, over a coloured sarsnet under-dress; plain cambric morning dresses, with the bodies richly worked in a close pattern of open-hems and embroidery, with the Catalani, or corkscrew sleeve, are all articles at once distinguishing and fashionable. Several females of rank and taste wear the hair cropt close behind, and formed in curls on the crown of the head. In full dress, however, a variety of style prevails; sometimes we see the hind hair formed into ringlets twisted in a cable chord at the back of the head, and flowing full on the left side, while a band consisting of three braids rests flat on the other; sometimes the simple Madona front is observed; and sometimes entire bands of braided hair, interspersed with steel beads across the forehead, and are twisted in bows at the back of the head. Ridicules of painted velvet, of various constructions, and beautifully designed, are now much used by our *belles* of fashion. The coloured parasol is becoming very general. Trinkets exhibit little variety. The composition brooch, formed to represent natural flowers; the beaded necklace of polished rose-wood, capped and linked with gold; together with earrings and brooches representing the flower called the *Pheasant's-eye*, may be ranked amidst the most elegant and novel ornaments in this line. Black and white satin slippers, together with white and coloured kid, trimmed to correspond with the dresses to which they are attached, are generally selected. White kid, York tan, and Limerick gloves, are considered far more genteel than those of kid the colour of the bonnets, which were of late partially introduced. The prevailing colours for the season are pea-green, jonquille, pale-lilac, blossom, pink, and primrose.

## LETTER ON DRESS.

FROM ELIZA TO JULIA, EXPLANATORY AND DESCRIPTIVE.

*Rosewood Villa, Richmond.*

WELL, dear Julia, after having run our round of pleasure with the great and the gay, sporting with the dashers at Brighton races, joining with the fashionable throng at Worthing, admiring the fresh-imported Cits at Margate, and sighing over the military heroes embarking at Ramsgate, here I am,—quietly seated beneath a branching willow, whose boughs, reclining in luxuriant loveliness, embrace the quietly flowing Thames. The Villa of which we are at present the inmates, is the residence of Sir James M'Laurence, a cheerful generous Hibernian; who, being very handsome, very insinuating, and very poor, gladly followed the example of his countrymen, in compounding with a rich city heiress, by giving himself and a title in exchange for the lady's fortune and estates. The father of Lady M'Laurence was a respectable merchant, whose name for more than fifty years had resounded within the precincts of Change-Alley; he was the intimate friend of my uncle, and his daughter consequently one of cousin Mary's oldest friends. This relation will account to you for our present destination.

Lady M'Laurence presumes much on her wealth, is somewhat vulgar, and ill-informed; she possesses a person and manners at once coarse and unengaging; and Sir James, who appears to possess a lively sensibility for female beauty and elegance, seems occasionally to observe these unattractive qualities in his partner, spite of that fortune which permits him to pursue other pleasures than those arising from a reciprocal interchange of affection and tenderness. My dear Julia, I have lately seen too much of those comforts and advantages which a good fortune procures, to form any high-flown notion of—"Love in a Cottage;" on the contrary, from a more extensive observation of men and manners, I am more inclined to echo the adage of our old nurse, who used to tell us, that "When Poverty comes in at the door, Love flies out at the window." And yet, dear friend, one would wish that fortune should be but a secondary consideration in the choice of a partner for life.

But as this style is rather foreign to the destined purport of my letter, I will dismiss it for the present, and proceed to simple detail. I inclose in this packet, dear Julia, a long list of fashionable descriptions, collected from the several places where we have lately sojourned, and shall confine myself to a few choice delineations of such costumes as have since attracted my attention. Mary accompanied the three Lady B——'s to the *fete* at Oatlands, last week; and was highly charmed with the cordiality, fascination, and benevolent manners of the Royal Hostess. Nothing could exceed the taste, animation, and hospitality of the charming scene. The dresses of the Ladies B—— was so singular in their construction and design, that they will be found worthy of delineation, were it only on the score of novelty; they were styled the Carmelite, or Convent vest, and were formed of a gossamer satin, the colour a nun's brown. They were cut low in the back and bosom, with a plain long sleeve of white crape; a French tippet of the same, cut in Vandykes, and entirely without trimming, met the edge of the vest round the bosom, and sat close to the form; round the throat it was finished with a row of Convent

beads, and a cross was suspended from the centre, of Jerusalem wood. A deep black velvet *cestus*, pointed before and behind, confined the bottom of the waist, which was much longer than are usually seen, and each point reached to the edge of the tippet. The hair was worn in bands and braids on one side of the head, and a few loose curls fell on the other. On the crown of the head, and placed towards one side, was a flat and fanciful disposed turban of crimson muslin, thickly interwoven with small gold spots, and worn somewhat in the Chinese style. The three sisters are nearly of the same height, of a middle stature, and neatly rather than elegantly formed. Their complexions were a clear brown, and their features expressive without being handsome; but the *trio* thus singularly adorned naturally excited universal attention.

Mary wore a short dress of black net lace, over a white satin under-dress, the bottom and drapery ornamented with borders of the pheasant's eye and myrtle tastefully blended. Her hair was braided in bands, and twisted fancifully with Chinese pearl; bracelets and armlets of the same, with the barrel snap of diamonds. Her shoes were white satin, trimmed with silver; and she wore a *bouquet* of the Cape-heath and jessamine.

We have just received dresses from town appropriated for that intermediate style which at this season is more generally adopted; for, except on very particular occasions, it is thought prodigiously vulgar to dress much in the country; I do not mean to infer, that less attention is required in this order of personal decoration; for a correct taste is more immediately discernable in this than in any other style of costume. The most striking article in this line is a frock dress of plain India muslin, with separate waists, let in entirely round, with treble rows of beading. The morning waist is made of embroidered muslin, similar to that which composes the dress, and buttons up the back; it sits high in the neck, and close to the form, and is finished with pointed capes round the throat, trimmed with narrow Vandyke lace. The long sleeve *à la Catalani*, is of plain muslin, similar to that which composes the dress. The other waist which transforms this elegant garb into the evening dress, is formed entirely of footing lace, and beadings of embroidery, extended over a lining of white sarsnet; the sleeve, short and full, is formed on the cross, finished at the edge with a row of beading, and confined in the centre of the arm and bosom with the hearts-ease brooch.—I have never seen any dress which blends at once more convenience, neatness, and elegance. For more minute particulars I refer you, dear Julia, to the list of general remarks which accompanies this; and shall hasten now to conclude my epistle by a farther attention to your wishes, in recommending to your perusal the following new works. I know, that in spite of all opposition, you continue your predilection for the epistolary style; read therefore a novel in letters, entitled—*Love as it may be, and Friendship as it ought to be*, by Mrs. Bayfield; I know you will need no other inducement than the decision passed on it by the late elegant authoress, and inestimable woman, Mrs. Cooper. *The Hungarian Brothers*, and *The Aphorisms of Sir Phillip Sidney*, from the pens of the amiable sisters, the Miss Porters, I am sure you will read with avidity. *The Benevolent Monk* shall arrive with the next packet; we are too deeply engaged in it to part with it at present. Adieu! dear, and ever dear Julia, conclude me always your attached and affectionate

ELIZA.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*THE conclusion of the Essay on Politeness, together with the termination of the Biography of the Queen of Naples, (which had been mislaid) will be given in our next.*

*The Farmer's Letters will be returned.*

*Our Correspondent in Clipstone-street we shall be glad to hear from.*

*Our valuable Correspondent at Camden Town, to whom we were indebted for the account of a Concert of Music given to two Elephants, is requested to purge his MS. of all future indelicacies. To raise a blush on female cheeks is not becoming a writer of his distinguished talents.*

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Bell's
# COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,
*For SEPTEMBER,* 1807.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES
OF
*ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.*

### The Twenty-second Number.

### HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.

MARIA FRANCES ISABELLA, the present Queen of Portugal and Algarve, was born December 17th, 1734; married June 16th, 1760, to the late King, by whom she has issue, John Maria Joseph Lewis, Prince Regent of Portugal and Brazil.

The Queen of Portugal was attacked early in life by a species of melancholy, which produced an occasional deprivation of her senses; and, about twelve years since, this malady encreased to such an alarming degree, that it was judged necessary to take the reins of government from her immediate guidance, and entrust them to the hands of her son. His Royal Highness was declared upon this occasion Prince Regent, and Portugal has never been more flourishing and happy than under his dominion. His Royal Highness has been married many years to Charlotte Joaquina, Infanta of Spain, and has issue by her, a son, born October 26th, 1802, and a daughter, born February 23d, 1804.

The incapacity of the Queen of Portugal is said to have had its origin in a species of religious melancholy; indeed such is the excess of bigotry and superstition which has always prevailed in this Court, that this kind of insanity is more prevalent in Portugal than in any other quarter of the globe.

Some years since, when her Majesty's distemper was at the height, the Court of Lisbon sent over to England for a physician of eminent practice in this country. The gentleman who was sent for attended the summons; but we fear that his skill was of no avail. Her Majesty seemed better for a time, but soon relapsed into a more alarming state than ever,—a state, it is said, of alternate idiotry, and an acute and agonising melancholy.

Portugal is almost the only country of Europe that has been exempt from the spreading mischief of the French Revolution; she is likewise the only state who has remained steadfast in her friendship and alliance with Great Britain. How long she will be permitted to remain so, now that the power of France and the ambition of its ruler have no check from any Continental states,—and now that the avowed principle of Napoleon is to drive the commerce of England from every port of Europe, is a subject of general apprehension.—Such is the political situation of Portugal that she can but submit to the rigour of a harsh necessity.

## HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF NAPLES.

[*Concluded from Vol. II. Page 229.*]

THE happy country of Naples remained long in a state of tranquillity and peace, till that general explosion of mischief, the French Revolution, produced a sudden shock amongst the Continental Powers, and involved the fairest part of Italy in its spreading ruin. The sister of the Queen of France, and of the Emperor of Germany, could not remain unmoved, whilst the former perished on the block by the hands of a savage horde of Jacobins, and the latter fell by an assassination of which France was universally suspected to be the author.

Naples, therefore, was one of the first in the confederacy against France. The melancholy history of these wars must not be pursued too far; it will be sufficient to say, that Naples fell from the same causes which precipitated the rest of the Continent. Whilst the French army was overrunning Italy, and the most skilful of its Generals was employed to subdue the kingdom of Naples, it was the policy of that unfortunate country to send to the cabinet of Vienna for the appointment of a General to command the Neapolitan troops. The conduct of this military cabinet is well known; they drew up plans of battles, and the whole scheme of a campaign, to the execution of the minutest part of which their several Generals were bound by the penalty of life and character. For the defence of Naples they appointed the court sycophant, Mack; a man who had procured his preferment by a successful course of intrigue, and had been raised by a party who were in opposition to all the views of the Arch-Duke Charles, the former saviour of Italy, and the bulwark of the Austrian House.

When Mack arrived at Naples, he found an army of forty thousand men, in a state of high discipline, commanded by excellent officers, and most admirably equipped for a campaign. Lord Nelson, who had just returned from the Nile, was at this moment in Naples.—Mack was, of course, introduced to this illustrious man. Lord Nelson made his observations on his character upon the first interview.—" This man," said his Lordship to a lady high in his confidence, " is an officer well enough for a parade, but I do not like him for a field of battle. They must assuredly wish to lose Naples, or they would never send him to defend it."

The French were now advancing upon the Neapolitan territory with great rapidity. Overthrowing every thing in their way, and crowned with a general success, at once the reward of their courage and successful practices of corruption, they approached with their imminent thunder the confines of the kingdom.

The confidence of the Royal Family and the people was implicit, and they expected a certain victory. The French, with the usual vanity of their character, they thought reserved to fall by the Neapolitan sword, and they waited the moment of their approach as the day of triumph. Previous to a battle, General Mack proposed to review the troops, and exercise them in a sham fight—all the people of the city, amongst whom were Lord Nelson and the foreign Ambassadors, attended the review; his Lordship, however, soon retired disgusted from the scene. Being interrogated by the Lady, to whom we have alluded above, on what account he was displeased, he replied, " Did you not see that this fellow, Mack, had surrounded himself? If he fights in earnest as he does in show, there is an end of Naples."—His Lordship, indeed, acted as if he thought so; he prepared his fleet, which was anchored in the Straits, for the reception of the Royal Family; and in a few days after the battle had been fought on which the fate of the kingdom depended, the King, Queen, and Court of Naples, were obliged to take shelter in the cabin of the Admiral's ship.

Upon the peace of Luneville, a new face of things appeared upon the Continent, and the King and Queen were restored to their capital.

This tranquillity, however, was of no long duration—A third coalition involved Naples in all the horrors of war; and this country, which had made peace with France, conceived herself absolved from all its obligations upon the rupture between Austria and Napoleon. An English fleet and an English army were accordingly sent to Naples, and Bonaparte found it his interest to represent the reception of this force by Naples as the violation of a solemn treaty. No sooner, therefore, had his arms triumphed in Germany, than he turned his revenge upon Naples;—Massena advanced with a powerful army to seize the capital, and the King and Queen were again compelled to fly to Sicily. It was the

object of Bonaparte not to suffer so rich an inheritance to escape again from his hands. He resolved accordingly to annex it to France, by creating it into a tributary kingdom, and bestowing the crown upon his brother Joseph.

To this melancholy history we have little more to add; the Queen of Naples is now at Palermo, or Messina, a fugitive from her country, and pent up in an island, secure only by the protection of a British fleet. The island of Sicily is daily threatened with invasion by France, and it is a matter of serious moment to conjecture how long we shall be able to defend it. The Queen of Naples is a woman of heroic fortitude, and is not likely to lose any thing of her royal dignity by adverse fortune; she still preserves an elevation of spirit, and is not dejected by those calamities which might overwhelm an ordinary mind.

## MADAME TALLIEN.

At the age of eighteen the rich and beautiful daughter of the Spanish Count de Gabarrus, was married to M. de Fontenai, a counsellor of the Parliament of Bourdeaux, who three years afterwards, to save his life at the expence of his property emigrated and joined his loyal countrymen on the banks of the Rhine. Not wishing to expose a woman he pretended dearly to love either to the hazards and dangers of war, or the perils, contempt, and sufferings of exile, Mr. de Fontenai, when emigrating himself, left his wife at Paris, to wait there the issue of the pending contest both between states and factions.

After the unfortunate Queen Marie Antoinette had been murdered in such a barbarous manner by the regicide assassins of her royal consort, Madame de Fontenai easily perceived that her sex no more than her country would be a safeguard for her; and therefore, by some pecuniary sacrifices, procured a passport for Bourdeaux, with permission to sail thence in a neutral vessel for Spain.

On her arrival at Bourdeaux, Tallien resided there as a representative of the people and as a national commissioner; she presented herself before the Revolutionary Committee to have her pass verified previous to her embarkation, but being the daughter and wife of noblemen, instead of obtaining leave to quit France, she was arrested as a suspected person, and as such confined in a loathsome goal. Tallien was struck with her superior beauty, and immediately was enamoured of her. Forming his opinion of her however from many other gay, indiscreet, though arrested ladies, he addressed her thus:—" My pretty female citizen, I shall call on you here as soon as it is dark—you understand me—I want to see you alone." " But I will not see you alone," answered she; " throw your Sultan handkerchief to some person more complaisant, and more worthy of such insulting and humiliating distinction." " You shall shortly repent of your haughtiness," said Tallien, ferociously quitting her. The very next day her name was upon the list of the military commission; or, which was the same, she knew herself to be one of those unfortunate persons intended to be tried and executed within twenty-four hours. When she was meditating on her fate, Tallien suddenly entered; he threw himself at her feet, and began with professing his sincere affection for her, and avowed himself her slave though she was no longer his prisoner. " Here is the list," continued he, " of the prisoners once condemned to perish with you; your name is already omitted, erase those of other persons whom you wish to save, and they shall all be set at liberty to-morrow morning." " I shall convince myself," said Madame de Fontenai, " whether you are sincere or not; lend me but pen and ink." With one single stroke she at once crossed all the names on the fatal list. Within twelve hours afterwards all these individuals of both sexes came to thank her for their deliverance, being informed by Tallien that they owed it to her interference alone.

Of the preference she then gave to M. de Fontenai, this ill-bred and vicious man seemed but little to know the value. Some few days after his till then faithful and amiable wife had been delivered of her first child, he had the indelicacy and brutality to introduce under the same roof in his house a common prostitute. The indiscreet fidelity of a maid informed Madame de Fontenai of the infidelity of her husband. With feelings acute as well as indignant, not considering the weak state of her health, she rose from her bed, and flew towards the room polluted by impurity. She found the door bolted, and was refused admittance. Smarting however more from the insult offered than regarding the strength she possessed, in endeavouring to force an entrance she fainted away, and was carried almost lifeless back to her bed. A woman, the victim of the seduction, corruption, or negligence of one sex, is also frequently the persecuted object of the jealousy, envy, pride, or uncharitableness of the other. Had M. de Fontenai been prudent and pure,

his wife might still have been innocent and chaste.

When at Paris, Tallien of course often visited Madame de Fontenai, who easily obtained a divorce from a husband proscribed as an emigrant. She refused however to regard Tallien in any other light than that of a friend, as long as France groaned under the tyranny of Robespierre, more barefaced, more violent, but less artful and less oppressive than that of Bonaparte.

Jean Lambert Tallien was born at Paris in 1770, and though only the son of a porter had, from the kindness of his father's master, been educated above his birth. He was at the beginning of the revolution successively the steward of Marquis de Bercy, clerk to an attorney, and in the office of the treasury; secretary to Brostaret, a member of the constituent assembly, and assistant to the proprietors of the Moniteur. In 1791 he published his own journal, called *l' Ami des Citoyens*, which did not meet with success. He shewed himself one of the most ungenerous and indefatigable enemies of his virtuous King, whose trial he pressed, and for whose death he voted. During his several missions as a representative of the people, he committed the greatest excesses and cruelties. It was not till after his acquaintance with Madame de Fontenai that he became more moderate; as to please her he had spared Bourdeaux, and to obtain her hand he saved the lives of thousands at Paris by the decided part he took in the destruction of Robespierre; and though his motives were dictated by personal interest alone, he notwithstanding rendered great services to his wretched country. His conduct and actions were afterwards inconsistent and contradictory, by turns the panegyrist or the accuser of revolutionary criminals; he was therefore suspected by all factions, and defended by no party. Such was the regicide to whom Madame de Fontenai united herself on the 20th of August 1794, three weeks after the death of Robespierre. He was then one of the most popular revolutionists, and she soon became one of the most fashionable belles of the French republic. It was however almost as difficult a task for her to exchange decency for Vandalism, to produce order in place of confusion in the regions of fashion, as for French political revolutionists to fix and constitute a regular government on the republican basis of anarchy and licentiousness. At once to attempt the restoration of former usages and customs, from which five years of revolutions had made a distance of five centuries, would have been a vain attempt. The court, gala, or full dress, could not immediately supplant the sans-culotte and carmagnole vestments of filth and rags. Instead therefore of commencing with a progressive advancement towards a reform of apparel and appearance, Madame Tallien went to the other extreme in inventing the *haut ton* of nudity. The ungallant savageness of Robespierre, and the ungenteel brutality of his accomplices, had already necessitated every lady awaiting death from the revolutionary tribunal, or only confined in consequence of the revolutionary tyranny, to cut off her hair and to cut down her gown, if she wished to avoid the insults of a public executioner, or the horrors of his unfeeling operation when on the scaffold.

It must also be confessed that a nation vicious to the highest degree before the revolution, had not improved its morals since; and that the fair sex in France naturally coquettes, vain, dashing, and bold, were much more inclined towards the naked than towards the covered or clothed system. Nakedness, absolute nakedness, and nothing but nakedness, was therefore seen at the play-houses, at the opera, at the concerts, routs, and in public walks as well as in private assemblies. When one lady left off a *fichue*, another laid aside a petticoat. When one uncovered her arms, another exposed her legs or thighs. Had the progress of stripping continued a little longer in the same proportion, it is very probable that most French ladies would in some months have reduced themselves to be admired, envied, or blamed, as the Eves of the eighteenth century.

But Madame Tallien did not enjoy undisturbed the dictatorship of the fashions; envious, seditious, or facetious rivals often opposed her. Among these Madame de Beauharnois, the gay widow of the guillotined viscount of the same name, was most ingenious and most active, though at first not the most apprehended. Having better shaped thighs than well formed arms, the pride of Madame Tallien, she, under a clear muslin gown, put on flesh coloured satin pantaloons, leaving off all petticoats, but at the same time lowering the sleeves of her gowns to her elbows, whose long elastic gloves of grenoble combined to conceal even her clumsy fingers. Madame Tallien, in her turn, wore gowns without sleeves; and to distract the notice of amateurs from the flesh-coloured pantaloons, affixed borders of large Brussels lace, not only to her white silk petticoat but to her cambric chemises. These fashionable contrarities entertained many and scandalised few of the republican beaus and belles, though the partisans of short sleeves lampooned those of long gloves, and the cabal of under-petticoats wrote epigrams on the motives of the wearers of pantaloons. Every thing remained unsettled, and a civil war was by many judged inevitable, when a certain situation of the Viscountess Dowager de Beauharnois made her resort to false bellies, which were immediately accompanied by Madame Tallien's artificial *queues*. Both ex-

tremes therefore met, and caused a cessation of hostilities and the conclusion of a treaty of neutrality; and the year 1795 passed over without further disturbances or innovations.

When during 1796 fortune had crowned her new sans-culotte husband Bonaparte with undeserved success in Italy, the ex-viscountess was tempted to encroach on, and even to infringe, preceding engagements. Until the peace of Campo Formio, when the Parisians saluted Madame Bonaparte as *Notre Dame de Victoires*, and abused Madame Tallien as *Notre Dame de Septembre*, the former had not many or great advantages; but then the latter, under pretence of ill health, prudently withdrew from the scene of contest. As soon however as the glorious victory of Lord Nelson at Aboukir was known at Paris, Madame Tallien shewed herself perfectly recovered, entered the lists with fresh vigour, and obliged her proud rival not only to shift her quarters but to change her colours. That year, 1798, a third and dangerous pretender started up in the elegant person of the celebrated Madame Recamier, whose appearance was sufficient to transform rivals into allies. She, however, more from prudence and modesty than from fear of the formidable veteran forces of her opposers, soon made an honourable retreat, and tranquillity has rewarded her sacrifice of vanity.

In November 1799, after Bonaparte had usurped the supreme authority in France, Madame Tallien, from a certain coolness attended with certain airs of hauteur, concluded that the wife of an upstart, who endured neither an equal nor a superior, would not long respect treaties which put her on a level with a person whom she considered not only as an inferior but as a subject. She therefore made overtures to Madame Recamier for forming a common league against a common foe. While their plenipotentiaries were discussing, the battle of Marengo occurred, and broke off all further conferences; and had not another intruder, Madame Murat, presented herself, Madame Bonaparte would have been as much the undisputed sovereign of toilets as her husband is of cabinets.

A republican writer thus complains of Madame Tallien's fashionable *incivisme*: "Possessed of an ample income, the whole of which is at her own command, she indulges in all the extravagance of dress and decoration. One day her shoulders, chest, and legs, are bare; on the next they are adorned with festoons of gold chains, while her head sparkles with diamonds; and instead of the simplicity of a Roman matron, she constantly exhibits all the ostentatious luxury of a Persian sultana. France may be termed a commonwealth, but these surely are not republican manners befitting the wife of one of the most eminent of her citizens." The author should have added that this eminent citizen then resided in a simple cottage, of which the furniture alone cost four thousand louis d'ors. As to French republican manners, are they not nearly connected with drowning, shooting, massacreing, murdering, proscribing, and plundering? Society has suffered but little from Madame Tallien's vanity, while humanity will for ever deplore and condemn the barbarous excesses of the most eminent citizen, Tallien, her republican husband.

It is averred by all the classes in France, that the young, handsome, and accomplished Madame de Fontenai, who so long continued the fashionable idol of men, and the fashionable model of women, divorced and married Tallien only to save her own head, and the lives of hundreds of other innocent persons. She never had any affection, not even inclination, for an individual it was impossible for her to esteem, and she therefore treated him rather as a valet than as a husband; he was used still worse by her father, Count de Gabarrus.

In the sense of strict justice and sound morality, no provocations whatever can extenuate the violation of matrimonial duty. A wife however, circumstanced like Madame Tallien, who had no choice but between the embraces of an unworthy and a worthless husband, or a cruel and degrading death from the hands of the executioner, if disgust or revenge led her astray, though she must certainly be to blame, is less culpable than the unprovoked adulteress, whose vicious propensities injure and confer wretchedness on a partner, the free selection of her heart, deserving her love and her fidelity as well as her regard and tenderness.

That Madame Tallien has been very gallant, and very indiscreet in her gallantries, cannot be denied; but that also numbers of persons have boasted of her favours, and published anecdotes of their successful intrigues with her, to whom she had scarcely ever spoken, is equally true; and will be believed by every one who has studied the character of the vain and presumptuous French *petit maitres*, who are greater gasconaders under the colours of Venus than even under the banners of Mars.

Madame Tallien, when Madame de Fontenai was esteemed not only one of the most beautiful and amiable persons of her sex, but also as one truly respectable and virtuous; she resided at Paris eighteen months after her first husband's emigration, and was constantly surrounded by admirers and adorers; but she afforded no more occasion for the rumours and clamours of malice and malignity, than for the calumny and accusations of envy and scandal. She quitted the capital in October 1793 as pure as she returned to

it in March 1794. She never admitted even Tallien, to whom she thought herself both obliged and engaged, but in the presence of a third person; and she never went out to plays, walks, or parties, but in the company of some female friend, or followed by attendants who never lost sight of their mistress. She frequently protested long before her second marriage, that gratitude and humanity alone had occasioned her divorce, and that she believed she should fall a victim to her feelings for the sufferings of others. She repeatedly complained to her friends and relatives how disagreeable Tallien was to her, and how much resignation it demanded on her part to unite her destiny with that of such a vile person.

After her marriage, notwithstanding her invincible repugnance to Tallien, she remained faithful and irreproachable; but this vain upstart shewed himself as immoral and indelicate as cruel and unprincipled. He abandoned a wife then the pride of perfection and matrimonial loveliness, boasted of the impure society of courtesans and strumpets, and afterwards vaunted before her of his depravity as of glorious achievements. She still, however, resisted the incitements of revenge, the gratification of her passions, the temptations of pleasure, and the allurements of love, and the pleasing prospect, or rather certainty, of being beloved by a gentleman her equal by birth and of principles congenial with her own. At last she happened to be acquainted with the loyal and witty, though not handsome Count de ——, who hated her husband as much as she despised him. To his first question, Can a lady of your rank, of your accomplishments, love a moral and political monster such as Tallien? she answered only with a significant blush. He took advantage of her bashfulness, embarrassment, nay humiliation, and she ceased that day to be a virtuous woman, a faithful wife.

When once the nice but strong limits which separate virtue from vice are transgressed, the road to ruin is smooth, enticing, easy, and nearly irresistible. In the course of a few weeks she entertained as great a contempt of herself as dislike of her husband; but familiarity with debauchery soon engendered indifference towards morality or even decency. Every gentleman whose manners she liked, whose conversation was agreeable to her, whose figure pleased her, or whom her fancy adorned with real or imaginary excellencies, was certainly without much difficulty or long perseverance to be counted among her favoured gallants. Her favours and distinctions finally became so common that they ceased to be either enviable or desirable.

Thus was she situated when in June 1798 Tallien sailed for Egypt. At that period a tall, handsome, well-made young man of family, fortune and education, became very fashionable in the fashionable societies of the French capital. He was introduced there as a Danish traveller by the name of Fredericson; but was shortly and usually known by the appellation of the *beau Regicide*. His real and family name and title was Count de Ribbing, a Swedish nobleman by birth, but implicated in the murder of Gustavus III. the late King of Sweden.

Shortly after Tallien's departure, the *beau Regicide* was lodged with his wife, and continued with her until 1801, when Bonaparte, having heard of a *penchant* of Josephine for him, dispatched to him an order to quit France immediately, "as the First Consul could not suffer in his dominions an assassin of the father of his ally, the King of Sweden."

Madame Tallien had promised her father to obtain a divorce from her present husband as soon as he returned from Egypt. A petition for a divorce was therefore ready drawn up and presented to Tallien at her first interview in 1801, accompanied with two living arguments, her two sons, of whom she had been delivered during his absence, and of whom she acknowledged that the *beau Regicide* and Co. were the fathers. After many complaints, reproaches, oaths, and threats, he at length consented, and in 1802 the daughter of Count Gabarrus was still unmarried with two husbands alive.

Madame Tallien is an incredible composition of virtues and vices; of good qualities and shameful irregularities. From habit more than from inclination she is, like Madame Bonaparte, one of the most profligate female characters of revolutionary France. Above remorse as well as repentance, she seems to care as little about what others say of her as about her own conduct. She is now (1807) in her thirty-sixth year, but does not appear to be twenty-five; she certainly still is one of the finest, best formed, and handsomest women of the French capital, though she no longer has any great influence in the fashionable world.

Madame Tallien in 1805, married M. de Caraman, much against the wishes of the family of the latter. She has now three husbands alive, besides two children, of whom neither of them is the father. Hitherto her behaviour, since her marriage with M. de Caraman, is as irreproachable and prudent as during her first marriage with M. de Fontenai, who often visits his *ci-devant* wife. She has publicly declared her intention to regain her lost reputation, which she says would always have been preserved had not her first husband been a fool and her second a rogue. She is now united to a gentleman of sense and honour, to whom she seems sincerely and affectionately attached.

# ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

## A DREAM ON THE OCCUPATIONS OF DEPARTED SOULS.

[*Continued from Page* 96]

My conductor assured me, that repeated attempts had been made to convince him of his error, and that mirrors had been held before his eyes for that purpose, but that he always had been violently enraged, shut his eyes, and with a bludgeon, which he called his argument, had broke the mirror, and beat those, who, out of compassion, attempted to render him sensible of his deformity.

His dress was exactly like the princely robe of one of those theatrical princes, who, in country towns, frequent the fairs, carrying their whole monarchy along with them on a wheel-barrow. It was in many parts torn to such a degree, that it could not entirely conceal his nakedness, which defect he had attempted to remedy by pasting upon the holes some epigrams and heroic odes which his adherents had composed in celebration of his merits. I have observed that mountebanks of the common class generally endeavour to render their theatre respectable by pasting against it several bills which inform the multitude of the miracles they have performed, and strive to render their skill respected by producing certificates of kings, princes, and nobles, whom they pretend to have cured. But in this the mountebank of whom I am speaking acted upon different principles. His stage was covered all over with dedications and prefaces, and those parts which were particularly exposed to the light of his admirers exhibited his picture in various forms, resembling each other, however, in being adorned with wreaths of laurels, or with a certain glory, which was to represent immortality. Instead of letters patent he carried in his hand a pair of large bellows, which he always pressed together when he spoke of his patriotism.

I must not omit mentioning one circumstance, which enabled me to form some idea of the religion of our mountebank. On one side of his stage stood the image of a female idol, wearing a crown of quills, resembling the caps of the Indians in America. On this cap were inscribed the names of several ancient and modern writers, who had been condemned by her to death, because they had refused to worship her as a goddess. Her head, which had no eyes, was of an enormous size; but her belly was still larger, exactly resembling that of Püster, an idol of the ancient Germans, whom the priests made use of in order to cheat and to frighten the people, causing him, by a secret machinery to spit fire, though a mere log of wood. Her hands were very strong and misshapen. In the left she carried a telescope, which she, however, could not use, because she was blind. I observed, nevertheless, that she held it before her face, in order to conceal her want of eyes. In her right hand she held a vessel filled with ink, which she threatened to throw at the head of those that would not resolve to acknowledge her for a goddess. She sat upon a throne, consisting, however, only of an immense bladder, swelled up with air, At her feet lay a naked woman, whose name I could not learn, though she seemed to be her mortal enemy.

The mountebank went up to this idol as often as he perceived that his ardour and zeal for the common good began to abate. He worshipped her as meanly as he demanded to be venerated himself, sacrificing every time, upon a little altar, some leaves of literary compositions, which deserved to be committed to the flames, merely for not having been written by himself. The immediate effect resulting from the success of his prayers to the idol invariably discovered itself by the frothing of his mouth, and a learned convulsive motion in his hands, similar to that which in a violent paroxysm seizes envious and quarrelsome authors. He availed himself most successfully of such moments, distributing with additional zeal his learned nostrums among the auditors, recommending to them the most approved prescriptions of good taste, and enlarging upon the miraculous and happy effects which these panaceas had produced on several of his obsequious patients, who had greedily devoured them.

His chief arcanum consisted in a certain kind of pills, each dose of which he wrapped in one of the panegyrics which had been composed in praise of his name, and for the benefit of posterity, a practice from which he derived a twofold advantage, causing his patients to swallow both his pills and his celebrity. I was astonished to observe the amazing effect which these pills produced. No sooner had they been taken by the patient, than he felt violent pangs in his brains, which continued till nature relieved itself by discharging the impurities, not in the common way,

but through the fingers. What astonished me most, was to observe that the patients caught these impure effluvia by a paper, presenting it with a respectful bow to their physician, for the further diffusion of good taste. They then obtained his permission to cure others under his direction. I observed that they frequently were more violent than their chief in their cures, for I saw one of them force a considerable number of pills down the throat of a spectator, in order to cure him, though much against his inclination, of a bad taste. I forgot to mention that the leader of these petty mountebanks related dreadful adventures concerning his cures. He scorned to say, "I have cured this or that afflicted person by means of my pills and powders," protesting to have preserved the health of all his countrymen; and whenever his pills took effect in a patient, he congratulated the whole community upon it. But I must not pass over in silence the most remarkable circumstance. Our mountebanks generally have suspended to their necks a few strings of teeth, extracted by them, and exhibited as trophies of their skill. My readers may easily conclude that our mountebank also must have been decorated with such convincing proofs of his skill and experience. Instead of teeth there was pending from his neck a large string of grammatical slips, which he had selected and extracted from the works of great authors. I could not refrain from laughing aloud on discovering that precious ornament, but unfortunately was detected in the fact by one of those witty adepts, who eagerly forced his way through the other spirits, and while he pressed towards me, exclaimed,—"Stop him! stop him!" I attempted to conceal myself among the gazing multitude, but could not escape his lynx-eyes. Having seized me by the throat, he roared with furious officiousness,—"Sir, I beg leave to cure you! you have a cataract, a most dangerous cataract! you shall not escape me till you are cured. Submit quickly to the operation, lest I should be compelled to have recourse to force." Neither prayers nor menaces could avail; he threw me on the ground, and I should undoubtedly have been forced to undergo the most painful operation, had not my conductor found means to deliver me from the talons of my barbarous benefactor.

Whilst I was yet petrified, as it were, with terror, a shade, who had observed these violent proceedings at some distance, came running towards me, out of breath, exclaiming:—"Dear Sir, indict him for an assault! avail yourself of the protection of the law! You have it in your power to pay the fees; I can clearly see that you have justice on your side. I'll serve you with pleasure. My charges will be extremely moderate. We will prosecute your aggressor, and compel him to make an apology. I can procure you, at a trifling expence, as many witnesses as you chuse; they shall attest upon oath any thing that you may desire. I'll go immediately and procure a warrant. I may be bold to assure you that your law-suit shall be as intricate thirty years hence as it is now. I am famous for affording prompt relief to my clients; thank heaven, I am not easy to be terrified, and my fingers are remarkably indefatigable. But you must not mind some expence; for neither myself nor your judges will be capable of forming a clear idea of your case without money. In what consists the cause of litigation? Draw up a *statum causæ*; but let it be as brief as possible; for I am a mortal enemy to all prolixity."

I was astonished at the malignant officiousness of that little garrulous spirit, who constantly kept his eager looks fixed at my pockets, whilst he extolled the justice of my cause. I began already to apprehend that I should not be able to escape the practical hands of my zealous advocate, when I fortunately hit upon an expedient of getting rid of him, informing him that I should be happy to avail myself of his kind offer, if he would endeavour to prevail upon some benevolent person to assist me with a small sum of money, to enable me to pay the customary fees, my finances being totally exhausted, adding, heaven would reward him for that charitable deed. "Heaven reward me!" exclaimed he, in a low accent. "I should willingly assist you; but my conscience does not permit me to engage in a cause manifestly unjust. For heaven's sake, do not go to law; every thing is against you; I advise you as a friend to settle your differences amicably. I shall take care not to make myself a party in your malicious design. You ought to be ashamed to make such an application to an honest and conscientious lawyer.—I am your humble servant."

I was rejoiced to have found out an expedient to extricate myself from that vexatious affair; but my joy was of a short duration. Before I was aware of it, a soul of a gigantic size rushed out of a thicket, and ran towards me. I was terrified, the lonesome situation of the place rendering it very probable that he must have some sinister design upon me. I fled without venturing to look round, and was almost dead with terror when I felt that he had seized me by the hair. I turned round to tell my pursuer that I had not a shilling in my pocket. Conceive my astonishment, when he bowed with looks of profound humility, without, however, withdrawing his hand from my hair, and said:—

Mæcenas kind, permit my timid muse
To lay her humble strains with trembling hand,
And reverential awe——

I have not a farthing in my pocket, was my reply. Upon this he quitted me abruptly, casting a look of profound contempt at me. I saw him fly to a large troop of little spirits, who were running after a very corpulent soul, by whose splendid attire I could easily conclude upon his great merits and eminent talents. Their cries were so confused that I could not at first guess the meaning of it.

Venturing to step nearer, I could plainly distinguish the words,—altars, ornament to the country, admiration of the age and of posterity, immortality, and more than an hundred fine things of a similar tenor, each of which, on an average, was at least worth half a guinea. I imagined to know a clear voice that I distinguished from the rest, which, in order to render the wishes which it expressed the more affecting and impressive, cried, every third word—Ah! oh! It was highly diverting to observe how eagerly these little spirits ran after the hero who was the object of their praise, and, as I could plainly see, was visibly puffed up by the profusion of incense that was offered by his admirers, manifesting by his haughty looks that he presumed he was not unworthy of their panegyrics. At length he condescended to take notice of his clients, and stopped, turning himself towards them. This encreased their clamour. The little souls crowded towards him, every one being eager to be the first. They all raised their open hands, casting wishful looks at the patriotic purse of their dear patron, who proved his generosity by distributing a large sum to appease the cravings of their stomachs. I asked one of them who had distinguished himself from the rest by the loudness of his panegyrics, who that celebrated and virtuous man was? what he had done for the good of his country? and what rendered him deserving of such extraordinary panegyrics? "I do not know," replied he coolly; "however, he celebrates to-day his birth-day!"

Two souls, who I at first took for draymen, but who, as my conductor informed me, in their life had been critics, and famous for their astonishing learning, caused an uncommon concourse before the town-gate, where at certain times the wrestlers and boxers exhibited their pugilistic talents to the admiration of the populace. They had seized one another by the hair in the most furious manner, and exerted themselves to the utmost of their power to throw each other down. Their contest was remarkable, and the victory uncertain, on account of their being an equal match. I could not obtain the least intelligence of the primary cause of their mutual fury; all that I could hear consisted of the most abusive language, surpassing even the eloquence of the first-rate Billingsgate orators. At length one of them was thrown to the ground with astonishing violence. His conqueror seemed to have justice on his side: for his patriotism and zeal for the sciences urged him to beat his antagonist most unmercifully. They were both covered with mud, and raised such an impenetrable cloud of dust, that I was not capable of seeing them any longer; therefore I directed my attention to the by-standers, who seemed to be differently interested in this literary contest. Some were so wanton as to encourage these furious defenders of truth to continue their critical investigations with additional ardour, and whenever a violent blow was applied, signified their applause by the most thoughtless plaudits. Nay, I even observed that some of them flung money to the combatants, which encreased their fury to a most surprizing degree. Some of the spectators laughed; and these appeared to me the most impartial of all, because they considered the boxers as fools. Others strove to part the combatants; but their exertions were fruitless, and some of these even received severe blows in the heat of the contest, in return for their humane intentions.

Most of the spectators took an active part in this confusion, and the contest threatened to become general. One beat the other in the face without knowing him, or being able to assign a cause for these acts of violence. Several persons who had hitherto remained quiet, and whose presence had not been noticed, needlessly quitted their station, and mingled in the contest, for no other purpose than to render themselves conspicuous, and seemed to be highly delighted when they saw that they also became objects of laughter.

The two combatants, who had caused these disturbances, at length grew tired of the contest. They parted, and I ventured to ask the conqueror, who had so palpably convinced his antagonist of his superior good taste, what had occasioned their furious combat? I suppose, said I to him, you stood up as a protector of the real welfare of your country, and defended a truth on which depends the happiness of thousands? Surely you must have stood up in defence of the temporal or eternal happiness of your fellow-citizens, as you risked the loss of your fame and honour? "It was something of higher importance," replied he, "I do not care for such trifles. Consider only, dear Sir, consider that madman, that monster, that literary villain, that ——" "But tell me in what consists the villany which that monster has committed?" "It is too shocking to be mentioned," replied he; "monstrous beyond belief. Turnus—my hair stands erect when I think of it. Consider only, that hardened villain maintains that Turnus had blue

eyes. I, Sir, who have been a celebrated critic these two hundred years, I have proved to him, by a passage from Virgil, that Turnus had black eyes. He has dared to contradict me, nevertheless, though he was a pupil of mine! Have you ever heard of a similar act of audacity?"

I cannot express how rejoiced I was on hearing this, as I now clearly conceived that the world would not have sustained any material injury though my critical hero should have been defeated, and I was glad to see that two critics of the last two centuries had rendered themselves ridiculous; for, thank heaven! the critics of our time proceed in a manner widely different. They investigate literary truth without the least heat, infatuation, or prejudice. They are modest in the midst of erudite contests; abandoning their assertions, as soon as they are convinced of having been misled by error, and rejoice at being rendered sensible of it. Thus laudable is the conduct of the critics of our enlightened and refined age. In former times they acted upon different principles.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

## ESSAY ON POLITENESS OF MANNERS.

[*Concluded from Page 35.*]

It is a great step towards appearing to advantage in the world to have no gross vices or defects to conceal. Without our perceiving it, the passions leave deep traces behind in the countenance, and what is called a *happy physiognomy*, is nothing but the expression of a tranquil mind, gently agitated by commendable propensities. Accordingly, the same writer who had so acutely observed so many characters, remarks that, "good grace is to the body, what good sense is to the mind*."

It is this good sense that prevents extravagance, thoughtlessness, and inconsistency; that makes each perfect in his part, causes him to note the adaptations of places, persons, and situations, and to mark the different shades of familiarity, consideration, or respect, the gradations of which form that art of living, that knowledge of the world, which we term politeness†.

This refined notion of the decencies of life, animated with the degree of expression suitable to each, constitutes precisely what I call *grace in manners*, which conveys to each individual, and in a pleasing way, the sentiments we entertain for him.

What Rochefoucault calls *gallantry of mind*, which consists in saying flattering things in an agreeable manner, I should term *grace in speech*; the softness of the sentiment ought to be compensated in the expression by something sharp, that may prevent insipidity; for self-love in general resembles Tiberius, of whom Tacitus says, that "he hated liberty, and was not fond of adulation‡."

It is possible to avoid shewing personal interest, but self-love is a shameless creditor, which demands without mercy and without measure.

In the details of life, as in business, a great number of unpleasant circumstances are continually occurring, which are occasioned by nothing but trivial neglects, of which we are not aware. Small fractions omitted in our discounts with the self-love of others, are frequently productive of very great errors in the calculation of our hopes.

We have not satisfied all the claims of the world, though we may have paid our play-debts,

* La Rochefoucault, Max. 67.

† The Duke d'Epernon, notorious for his pride, which he carried even to madness, was returning one day to Saint Germain in company with Monsieur, the brother of Louis XIII. The King had gone out, and the guard was in front of the palace. On perceiving Monsieur's carriages they ran to arms, and the drums began to beat. "Beat away," cried the Duke d'Epernon, putting his head out of the window, "here I am!" This want of sense was so excessive as to eclipse the impertinence, and the whim afforded a good deal of amusement to Monsieur and the whole court.

‡ This I take to be the meaning of the expression of Horace, *molle atque facetum*, which has been explained in so many different ways by translators, and by which he justly characterizes the peculiar style of Virgil. This, I think, ought to be rendered *delicate and piquant*. It is nothing but grace that combines what touches the heart and pleases the understanding; and in truth Virgil is by way of eminence the poet of the graces, ever tender, ever pure, ever animated; the heart is incessantly affected by the sentiments, the images, nay even by the musical mechanism of his rhyme. The understanding is satisfied by the highly finished execution, and the judgment and the taste alike find only subjects of commendation.

and have given no person any legitimate subject of complaint. The affronts which we cannot pardon, are those which we durst not, nay, which we are unable to express, which, in some measure are not appreciable by words. A multitude of little civilities, anticipations, and attentions, indicative of esteem or of interest, give a grace and a relief to the character; it is that flower of gentility, which is called the air, the tone of good company.

Many people consider politeness as a kind of ostentatious parade, as a luxury in manners, adapted only to a certain fortune and a certain rank: their rudeness they term plainness and ease; they never suspect that agreeableness of forms is one of the most essential elements of a placid and happy life. But does not the true repose and serenity of our days, depend more on a multitude of trivial circumstances of hourly recurrence, than on these important events, with which the path of life is but sparingly bestrewed? The habit of delicate sensations tends to give additional refinement to delicacy; vivacity of imagination and sensibility are improved by it; the aptitude to receive agreeable impressions is increased, and the combination of all these produces the immense interval that separates good company from the unpolished multitude.

Those who are most negligent toward others, are not themselves on that account insensible to any neglect of themselves. Your manners have fixed a standard of reciprocity; this balance, however, is not indifferent to the passions. What acute pain have we often received from things which appeared to be but trifles. The repeated prick of a pin is equivalent to a large wound; and it matters not what it is that disturbs my repose, if I have once lost my tranquillity.

Universal familiarity is in general insulting, and throws a discredit on that of intimacy; on the other hand, universal and excessive reserve, seems a refinement of pride, which gives itself little concern about placing you high or low, provided it keeps you at a distance.

How subtle is the principle of self-love, and how difficult to be managed! It pervades every heart, as the igneous fluid pervades all nature. In society it is a restless and mistrustful passion, which we ought continually to be careful of offending; and in our own bosoms, how much more delicate still is its nature! When pure, it is honour: if it receive the slightest adulteration it is tranformed into vanity and pride. Nevertheless, like electricity, it has its conductors, and there exists an art by which it may be directed and modified.

In the conduct of life, self-love ought to have the bashfulness of a virgin, and the coquetry of a courtezan; but what delicacy and what taste are required to seize the just gradations!

There is an art by which we may procure esteem ourselves at the expence of the vanity of others, and which throws a great charm over the manners; but this is the secret of the most accomplished.

To talk much of others and but little of ourselves, is the amiable artifice of ingenious self-love, which secretly gains the affection of the coldest hearts, which you are sure of pleasing: but vanity discovers no graces; it was not even forgiven in the *vain glorious* Bishop of Noyon*, though all his pretensions would have been admitted had they any other herald than himself.

Conversation is the field in which taste and the graces are exhibited to the greatest advantage; it has almost generally been relinquished for gaming, a talent too difficult for most people to acquire. It cannot be denied, that courts themselves have lost much of their attraction by the change. Anne, of Austria, was the last Queen of France who had parties for the purpose of conversation. Conversation is become an obsolete art, the secret of which is lost like that of painting on glass; there, prevailed all the varied tones of wit, the lively, the ingenious, the *piquant*, the natural; there pressed by necessity, or animated by circumstances, the imagination created exquisite turns, expressions fraught with genius, which the French academy frequently adopted; the use of them was admitted among the laws of the language; and the quality of a man of fashion, which was then almost synonimous with that of a man of taste, gave some a seat among the chiefs of literature.

At that time, when conversation constituted the amusement of the most delicate persons, no coxcombs destitute of ideas fatigued with their insipidity; no sarcastic genius stung those who were present, or calumniated the absent; wit was keen without being malicious, and grazed without wounding; the faculty of listening was left

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* Such was the epithet given to that prelate, who, in other respects was a sensible man, and who founded a prize for poetry at the French academy. A very entertaining collection might be made of all the sallies that escaped him, and which are preserved by tradition in society. A single one will be sufficient in this place. As he acted consistently with his character even at the point of death, the priest who was with him, remonstrated, and assured him that he endangered his eternal salvation; he replied, "O never mind that, father; depend upon it God will look twice before he dooms a Clermont Tonnerre to perdition."

to those who had not the ability to produce. Nor is this a quality that ought to be despised; it is more rare than is imagined. The silly witticisms of buffoons, afforded amusement only in anti-chambers.

Every thing that had the appearance of discussion was avoided; there was then no obstinacy in dispute, no vehemence in the tone, no passion in the interest. Nothing was calculated to excite languor; the conversation proceeded lightly along, strewing brilliant traits and expressions, like flowers and rich spangles; it was Camilla skimming the surface of the cornfields without bending the ears.

There is a certain elegant manner of taking one's place in the world, without exciting either aversion or dislike, and as it were by a tacit consent of the self-love of all. It is a rare and difficult talent accompanied with something noble and pleasing, and is to be found, as if implanted by the hand of nature in the courtier and man of fashion.

The subtleties of declamation cannot be appreciated even by the most musical ear; they cannot be noted down; the greatest beauties of gesticulation arise in the actor from the impression of the moment, and have no written signs to fix their value. A comprehensive glance, which enables the warrior to combine circumstances and regulates his conduct, is itself the sudden illumination of genius. Thus it is with all the arts, and especially with the art of life. Rules can give only general results; it is delicacy of judgment and of taste that suddenly make a happy application of them; and readiness to seize and to execute, is the fruit of habit and practice.

This it is that produces so great a superiority in the manners of the courtier, even with fewer personal advantages. The ever varying scenes, the multiplicity of circumstances in which they are engaged, either as actors or witnesses, soon give them great experience. Arbiters of elegance, like Petronius, they feel keenly and judge shrewdly; the sense of propriety never leaves them even in the most difficult situations; a mistake would cost them too dear; they decide with promptitude and certainty, like a skilful player, who has calculated all the chances*.

Such is the use of taste and grace applied to manners.

From the preceding observations it would appear, that the highest degree of mental cultivation is necessary for the acquisition of this difficult art, and yet nothing is less essential; it consists entirely in tradition and practice. If, nevertheless, a multitude of observations and keenness of remark, be the object what it may, constitute precisely what is termed intelligence, it cannot be denied that this quality is peculiarly attached to a knowledge of the world independent of all instruction and culture. The ignorance of the commander De Jars and of Marshal d'Hocquincourt, had something extremely interesting and amiable*, and Matha cuts an excellent figure beside the Chevalier de Grammont†.

The cultivation of the mind and acquired knowledge afforded, however, great advantages, even for society, in consequence of the multitude of agreeable things which the imagination and the memory present to the judgment; and if the first class is equally capable of producing amiable men, it cannot be denied that to the second alone belong those who may be called great men. Of this the Duke of Orleans, the great Condé, and Prince Eugene, are demonstrations.

This leads us to other reflections: we must now erect the light-house upon the rock.

Reason, talents, and virtue are valuable possessions, which ensure the felicity of man in every stage of fortune, but they must be kept concealed from the eyes of the world, which are dazzled by their lustre. All our actions should receive an impulse from them; but as in the scenery of the stage, the machines should remain hidden from the eye of the spectator. It tends also to the perfection of these figures, if

* The most remarkable trait of this extraordinary promptitude of judgment, is to be found in the life of Cardinal Richelieu. Louis XIII. hated him, entrusted his authority to him, as it were by force, and thought to recover it by affronting him. One evening the King had just broken up the council, the Cardinal was speaking to some one at the door of the chamber, without being aware of the movement behind him. The doors suddenly opened; this circumstance roused the Cardinal, who was accordingly about to hasten to his proper place. The King being quite close to him, pushed him by the shoulder, and said in a peevish tone: "Go on, Sir, go on; every body knows that you are master here." To obey or disobey appeared equally impossible; but the Cardinal did not long hesitate. "I will go on, Sire," said he, in a submissive tone, "since your Majesty commands me, but it shall be like the meanest of your servants." At the same moment he snatched a flambeau from one of the pages, and proceeded a few steps before the King, whom his ingenuity and presence of mind restored to good humour.

* See the conversation of the Marshal d'Hocquincourt with father Canaye, in the works of Saint Evremond.

† Memoirs of the Chevalier Grammont.

the painter is an anatomist; but when he is satisfied with the correctness of the attitudes, and the expression of the head, he hastens to cover the rigid dryness of the outline with the softness of the flesh, the freshness of colouring, and the elegance of drapery; he exhibits to the eye nothing but sentiment, soul and life.

Reason alone has something cold and formal, which is repugnant even to taste, and insupportable to frivolity; how many graces it requires to render it tolerable!

We are fond of talking of virtue, but we never wish to meet with her except in affairs of business; her presence disturbs, her look intimidates; a vigilant conscience foresees her judgments and anticipates censure by hatred. To no purpose is she covered with the veil of modesty; it is but too transparent; like Homer's gods, virtue ought not to mingle among men unless concealed under a human form, nor should she be discovered but by her miracles.

The human mind is so constituted, that though the perfection of each action individually delights, charms, and extorts applause, yet a continued series of perfection fatigues and oppresses; it shocks the self-love of all. How small is the number of those pure and tender hearts in whom the love of the fair, the good, the true, burns like the sacred fire, and which cling with enthusiastic attachment to the models which are set before them! Most people are willing to bestow their admiration to-day, if they may reserve their censures for to-morrow; but to be always obliged to applaud would be a cruel punishment for public malignity. The world is a suspicious tyrant; it hates whatever exceeds the ordinary standard, and the sage will continually inculcate the lesson given by Parmenio to Philotas: "My son, make thyself little!"

Has not Richardson been reproached on account of the uniformly perfect character of his Grandison? And yet he is but the hero of a novel; the public has in this judgment accused itself.

The Duke de Montausier would not have been a favourite at any court*; it required the great soul of Louis XIV. to cherish so near him a man almost as great as himself.

Rivals are not the only objects of which talents have occasion to be apprehensive. "I am tired of hearing him called the Just," said the Athenian peasant, when he signed the proscription of Aristides; he has revealed to us the secret of human nature. Envy, like the royal tyger, attacks merely for the pleasure it takes in destruction.

The greatest strength of mind consists in checking your flight, and appearing to men only at that degree of elevation which you know to be either useful or agreeable to them. When you are willing to be second to every one, you may rest assured that you will be the first in the opinion of all. Reputation is obtained like the prize of valour among the Athenians, which was decreed to him whom every one thought the most worthy after himself.

Ye men of ardent genius and exalted virtue, enjoy in secret your sentiments and your intelligence; truth and virtue are beauties for contemplation. In the society of nature alone, seize in mysterious obscurity the boon she offers; her enjoyments, like those of love, cannot be communicated; those who taste, are alone capable of appreciating them. Keep yourselves down to the ordinary standard; exhibit only the amiable man, and reserve the great man for peculiar occasions; you have sufficient reason to exult, but do not give the world notice to hate you. Of what use is vain applause? All that passes out of your heart is but empty sound; it is what is within that constitutes felicity. Leave the popular favour and the reputation of a day for the buffoons of fortune; the homage of ages belongs to genius and virtue. Wait till the setting of the sun, your shadow will then lengthen behind you, your name will be sacred, when it shall be no more than a sound. Such is the greatness, such the glory of man; but to think, to feel, and to please, to be amiable and to be loved,—this it is that constitutes true felicity.

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* The Duke de Montausier has come the nearest of any modern character to Cato of Utica, of whom Velleius Paterculus says, that he always did what was right, not because he intended to act more virtuously than others, but because he was unable to act otherwise. Some one representing to him that he educated the heir to the throne with too great severity, and that he would repent it when the Prince became King, he replied: "If Monseigneur is an honest man, he will thank me for my severity, and if he is not, I should be ashamed of his favour."

# AN ACCOUNT OF THE CITY OF VIENNA, AND THE MANNERS OF ITS INHABITANTS.

[*Concluded from Page* 93.]

Few journals are read, doubtless because they are very common in public places. The best literary and political gazettes are generally the least in vogue. In a word, it is painful to observe, that the best works cannot be procured without great difficulty.

In a system of things like the present very little may be expected from literature and the arts. Every spark of genius is stifled in its birth, unless some child of the muses, impelled by an extraordinary ardour, should break the fetters that bind him, and at the risk of happiness soar above every obstacle which lies in his way.

It is worthy of notice, that the literature of the modern Greeks lays its foundation in this city. It employs at this time three presses. Some of the Greeks translate many German, French, and Italian works into their own language. They compose likewise calendars, gazettes, &c. in Greek.

It is not certain whether from a taste for the English or a disgust to the French, that now more than ever the nobles, and those who copy after them, have their children taught the former language. Nor is it uncommon to observe a young lady going to mass with a prayer-book resembling those in use among the English Catholics.

The English in this city, let their condition be what it may, enjoy at present the privilege of being presented at court by their minister, and consequently of having an introduction to the first circles which has given rise to so many singular adventures.

Besides the universities, there are different large schools, in which a great number of scholars are taught (at a moderate price) whatever relates to commerce; such as *l' erste normale*, which has one professor employed in giving lectures on the physical education of children, and likewise gymnasia, or colleges, where the methods of teaching are by no means consistent with the improvements of the age.

The university has, among other professors, two for the Latin, one for the French language and literature, and another for the Italian. It has others for history and chemistry, as far as it relates to the science of agriculture; but no one is appointed to give lectures on the management and preservation of forests. The philosophy of Kant is no longer held in any estimation in this city.

In 1796 the list of promotions for the university contained thirty-two doctors in physic, six in law, and five in divinity. In 1797 there were not less than one hundred and four doctors in physic, twenty-one surgeons, and ninety-two persons appointed as ordinary surgeons, who enjoyed the liberty of following their professions.

The military medico-chirurgical institution, the object of which is to form surgeons for the army, known by the name of the academy of *Joseph*, deserves to be mentioned here. It has six professors, and from five to six hundred students.

The inhabitants are generally kind and simple in their manners. Sometimes we may observe a rather studied politeness, and an affectation in lavishing titles and attentions, which forms a contrast with their homely appearance and unpolished manners; all this may be attributed to the influence of the court and the ministers of the petty German Princes who reside in Vienna as agents for their respective employers. Their manners and language have been studiously copied by the people in general.

The strongest propensity of the inhabitants is for good living; and if it cannot be said that they always indulge themselves in delicacies, yet it must be confessed that they eat much and drink in proportion.

The traveller from Venice and Milan would here find some mixture of the Italian manners and customs.

Chocolate is here as in Italy much used, though but little esteemed in the North. It is the same with certain vegetables, such as broccoli, apples of paradise, &c. The daily parade of the *Prater* may, in some measure, resemble the Italian parades. If gallantry in the higher ranks is not so general as in the latter country, it is not attended here with any stigma. The Italian language is likewise much spoken. In consequence of the many censures which the corrupt language of the natives has incurred, its diction is become more pure than that of most other Germans. But their pronunciation is still defective.

The women are lovely, and preserve their charms to an advanced age. They are fond of

dress and pleasure, their minds are not without culture, but they are very much confined in the choice of their books. They cultivate music in preference to every other study or amusement.

No people enjoy so many pleasures as the inhabitants of this place. In addition to numerous public houses where there is eating and drinking and dancing,* it is likewise customary for the people in general to share in the diversions which seem reserved for persons of rank only. The picture of enjoyment which is always accompanied by that of misery, stands here alone.—Upon our arrival at Vienna two classes only present themselves to our view, the nobility and citizens. The lower class is not visible; luxury has confounded it with the second, and even with the first sometimes. But in order to complete the representation which has been made of the inhabitants, it may not be improper to borrow the sentiments of an eminent writer on that subject.

"At all times the greatest happiness of a native of Vienna has been a good table, and with that—which is no more—a couple of good friends. He now becomes less communicative. His reserve borders on mistrust. He continues to be fond of public places. He looks and listens with an interest but not with a desire to be noticed. Formerly he was pleased with hearing the news from foreigners; now he contents himself with reading it as he can. Formerly he adopted the opinions of foreigners, and even perfect strangers, now he forms a system for himself, to which he obstinately adheres; he knows more than others; he learns the spirit of the age in the Gazette of Vienna, the course of political events in the Wienerbo, one of the worst papers that exists;" but his favourite writer, who has all his confidence, is the famous Gazetteer of Neuwied (it is easy to judge whether this gazette is partial). This change in the exterior conduct of the natives, this sterility of ideas, has arisen from the melancholy events which have taken place in a great nation, and attracted the inhabitants of Vienna more to the enjoyment of their own exclusive happiness. It originates likewise in the measures of government, who perpetually keep a watchful eye over the actions and discourses of the public, and consequently render them timid and embarrassed. So that whatever wears the resemblance of a political society is cautiously avoided. This air of *sang froid* which the natives put on, in opposition to the inhabitants of other German provinces, is at the same time the effect of the policy and rivalry of the different courts. A citizen of Vienna, who used to converse with every German as a friend and countryman, without regard to the situation north or south, now assumes another tone; he retires within himself; and must be twice addressed before he deigns an answer. Formerly whatever descended the Danube was dear to him; now he examines before he makes his choice, and consults his judgment before he yields to the impulse of his heart.

Mistrust of foreigners is moreover increased by the marked ingratitude with which their services have been too often rewarded. To these causes are united the events in France and the rigorous vigilance of the police, which these events rendered necessary, and which have effaced one of the most striking traits in the character of the natives, namely, their attachment to association, and effectually concurred to suppress the gaiety natural to small private circles, and to stifle every happy sentiment of humanity.

Among the common crimes of Vienna, robbery must be considered the principal. The author who has furnished us with the little extract which we have transcribed upon their character, and who is in general sufficiently prepossessed in favour of his country, forms a frightful picture of the robberies committed in this city.

"Every gold and silver-smith is in danger of his property. We have now, in 1797, three robberies a day perpetual. There are pickpockets, housebreakers, and robbers who enter by the roofs, and take away the linen which is placed for drying in the garrets; others strip the beds of the feathers, and the coach-boxes of their leather; others mount horses and take away chaises, chariots, and other valuable articles."

The lower order of citizens and servants have preserved the use of bonnets or leather caps, richly embroidered; these ornaments of luxury often serve as objects of temptation to the robber. The editor himself was about eight years ago witness to a daring attack made upon a woman in the middle of the street, upon the approach of evening. The man succeeded in tearing off her bonnet, and afterwards in escaping through the multitude that was quickly collected.

At the same time a man was killed by a stiletto in the open street, and at no unseasonable hour, without any discovery being made of the murderer; but crimes of this magnitude are very rare. The natives, although fashioned in many respects after the Italians, are, however, far from presenting in their character the glaring defects which are laid to the charge of the former.

Upon going out of the city we are struck with the beauty and magnificence of the numerous chateaux, parks, and gardens, observable in the

* For servants even learn to dance.

environs, besides the imperial residences of Luxemburg and Schönbrunnen, Belvider, celebrated for its superb collection of pictures, and singularly embellished from the spoils of the churches of Brabant under the reign of Joseph. Here likewise may be seen the majestic Gallizinberg, the splendid Dornback, the vast and delightful residence of the Mareschal de Lasy, and last of all the Augarten and Prater.

The Augarten, which was opened to the people by Joseph, at first presents a magnificent garden, which is more embellished by art than nature. It has many delightful walks impervious to the rays of the sun, which the nightingales conspire with all the other charms of nature to render truly enchanting.

At the principal entrance is a vast edifice, where every thing is consecrated to extravagant festivity. It is composed of galleries beautifully decorated, where provisions are perpetually preparing from morning to night. Numerous companies frequent this place. Before the edifice is a circular spot surrounded by large chesnut trees, under which tables are placed for repasts, and for taking tea, coffee, ices, &c. In passing through a beautiful walk we come to a ride planted with trees, which is bounded by delightful fields. A lofty terrace encompasses this part of the garden below, where the waters of the Danube gently flow. The eye extends to a distant chain of picturesque mountains; glides over the woods and rural habitations; over hamlets and villages which cover the plains below, and then descends into the smiling vallies; it afterwards remounts a group of little hills crowned with groves; and at last gently reposes on the green meadows, where numerous flocks and herds are perpetually feeding; from thence it commands one extensive view of the city. Before and under your eyes is the forest of Briget, which is the wild part of the garden, and serves as a shade to the picture.

This forest, which extends a league, is divided by the Danube, whose banks afford a charming walk, and its tranquil stream heightens the gaiety and cheerfulness which pervade every object; it is not only an agreeable river, but is likewise a place of resort for every species of pleasure. Many small houses have been erected for the purpose of preparing food and delicacies. On feast days in particular, this wood presents a spectacle of sensual enjoyments worthy the painter and philosopher. Not of the cynic philosopher, who, with a mixture of scorn and pity, weeps over the follies and the pleasures of mankind, but of the more judicious philosopher, who laughs at their follies while he smiles at their enjoyments. The philanthropist will feel his bosom glow with delight to observe a forest transformed into an animated city. The image of happiness will speak to his heart; he will view with complacency the amiable weaknesses of his fellow-creatures, and perhaps conclude with sharing them.

In all the cottages there are many repasts; some are prepared under the trees, others in the meadows and on the banks of the river. During these repasts, musical instruments are continually playing, which give a zest to the pleasures of the palate.

The elegant costume of the people would likewise present an image of general prosperity, if their excessive luxury did not incline us to doubt it.

No one is permitted to be alone in this place. But if he crosses the river and retires into the opposite forest, he may there enjoy the charms of solitude with nature only for his companion. It is not easy to form an idea of the beauty and sublimity of this spot. The Danube, which separates this part of the forest, becomes a sea, which expands itself majestically, and branches forth into divisions, which form several islands. Here the imagination may rove with delightful contemplation over the extensive scene presented to its view.

Some of these islands are covered with thick forests, others with enchanting groves; and others with meadows where the flowers and birds form an agreeable mixture of colours. The beauties of nature seem here to humanize the most savage animals. The stag sports and bounds; the nightingale sings her cheerful song; and the feathered tribe pursue their various propensities without molestation or constraint. At the termination of this forest the Danube is lost to our view, and a hamlet rises up on a sudden to attract our notice.

This hamlet, which may be the commencement of a town, is composed of small houses with one story only, well built, painted without, and commodious within. The inhabitants exhibit a group of happy faces, in which health, contentment, and chearfulness are strikingly depictured. This is the Augarten, which is not (incredible as it may appear) many steps from the city; and what is more astonishing is, that it is not greatly frequented. The preference is given to the Prater, doubtless on account of the carriages and equipages which are there assembled. The Augarten is not brilliant but on particular occasions, when parties of pleasure are formed during the summer season. In the freshness of the morning likewise, subscription concerts are given by people of fashion, which are particularly agreeable to early risers.

Upon leaving Vienna we reach the Prater, by a beautiful walk, a league in extent, which di-

vides the forest. This forest presents on one side the prospect of a village. The small houses which compose this village are scattered in the wood, where Turkish, Chinese, Italian, and English coffee-rooms, ball-rooms, and billiard-tables, are erected. The inhabitants of this spot are not shepherds, but principally cooks, confectioners, musicians, dancers, and the like.

In a particular part of this wood, which has the privilege of a fresh and agreeable shade, with many green turfs, it is usual for persons of every description and rank in society to be continually walking. Here princes, citizens, servants, monks, and soldiers, are all blended without distinction.

The cottages are so many temples dedicated to sensual delight, where continual victims are offered at the shrine of intemperance. The woods and meadows are filled with the same preparations. Tables are spread in all parts, and waiters continually passing and repassing. The company take ices and creamed coffee, besides the repast which they make before and after the promenade. The echoes perpetually repeat around the groves the sound of the horns, flutes, and other instruments, which charm the ear and give an edge to the appetite. In a word, this wood seems to concentrate all the magic powers of pleasure within itself.

During the conviviality of eating, drinking, walking, and playing, crowds of carriages (for they are numerous at Vienna) are continually entering this scene of mirth and festivity. All these carriages cross the forest, which extends to the pavillion called the Lusthaus, and is the end of the ride. At the Prater superb fire-works are exhibited, exercises are made, and every species of public performance is displayed, which the ingenuity of individuals has invented. But nothing exceeds the pleasure of dining on a clear day under a tree, and listening to the enchanting music on one side, whilst from another quarter a number of tame stags and fallow deer, enticed by the appearance of food, approach us, and eat bread from our hands. A luxury of enjoyment which few can experience elsewhere.

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## SIR EDWARD SEYMOUR.

### AN ENGLISH TALE.

THE English are a wise and respectable nation. The immense weight which they have always held in the scale of Europe, their skill in politics, in war, and their sublime discoveries in the sciences, would be sufficient to insure them the most exalted praise, even, if added to this, they did not possess the merit of having been the first modern nation endowed with the two most necessary requisites of man, wisdom and good laws. The English have not taken an unfair advantage of their superiority, which they might have done with great ease; but their good sense taught them not to wish to arrive immediately at that perfection which can only be the fruit of long tried experience. It was their opinion that reason, virtue, and particularly happiness, were only to be acquired by a just medium; and to preserve this liberty, the first gift which man can enjoy, they have confounded this exalted word, and mixed with it the sublime ideas of obedience to the law, respect for the authorities established by the law, and a sacred awe of transgressing against it. On this foundation was quickly erected the unshaken support of liberty, that creative principle of happiness, public spirit.—It is by this alone that the inhabitants of two small islands have often seen themselves the umpires, or the terror of sovereigns, the mediators of Europe; that their fleet, the unrivalled mistress of the ocean, has sailed, and borne terror to the two Indias and sought their treasures; and that their own happy country, safe from the invasion of strangers, and internal divisions, enjoys the blessings of peace, cultivates the fine arts, possesses riches gathered in every quarter of the globe, and witness the arrival in her harbours of the productions of the whole universe.

It is undoubtedly upon this that they rest the good opinion they entertain of themselves, that estimation in which they hold their own nation as superior to all others. They are conscious of their own value, and boldly proclaim it. They disdain to acknowledge the merit and qualities which grow in every land; this gives their very virtues an appearance of pride which diminishes their lustre without taking aught from their real worth. In a word, they care but little for the approbation of others, and the only means of pleasing them is to praise their wisdom.

I have, however, known an Englishman who, in order to avoid these defects, if they may be so termed, fell into the opposite error; he not only laid a great stress upon the opinions of mankind in general, but the wish of pleasing proved the ruling passion of his soul. He was not satisfied with acting right, but wanted to meet with

the approbation of the world. His constant rule of conduct was to behave in a manner that none of his actions could be censured; he moreover required that it should be applauded; he longed and pretended to please every body, and this weakness placed his happiness or misery in the power of many.

This young man, the last descendant of a noble and ancient family, inherited but a very small fortune; but nature had amply rewarded him for the scantiness of his purse, by endowing him with every mental and personal advantage. Having lost both his parents in his infancy, the care of his education had devolved on a rich relation, who had thought it was his duty to assist the helplessness of his orphan state, and in due time Sir Edward Seymour completed his studies with great credit, and was presented by his benefactor with a commission in a regiment of cavalry.

Being well aware of his dependant state on his entrance into the world, and fully convinced that if he committed follies, he had no right to expect that they should be overlooked, or even pardoned by his benefactor, Sir Edward determined to avoid committing any, and hitherto he had kept his word. Notwithstanding his youth, and the dangerous examples which surrounded him, never had he in the smallest degree swerved from his duty; but solely employed in the studies necessary to become an experienced officer, he soon obtained a company with no other protection than his own good conduct, courage, and abilities. Far from being vain of the praises which even his rivals could not refuse him, he would say to them smilingly, "If I am prudent, I only owe it to my inability, if I had committed follies, of paying for them."

Sir Edward's only fault, the weakness I have mentioned, made him attach so much importance to the opinion of others; a weakness doubtless excusable, since it became the source of many virtues. But whether through modesty or pride, which very often resemble each other, the approbation of his conscience did not alone satisfy him. Calumny, or the slightest suspicion respecting his honour, or his morals, would have made him consider himself the most unhappy of men; and as, notwithstanding the envy which a character like his must naturally excite, no one had dared to insinuate a word against his reputation, and as he received the respect so justly his due, Sir Edward had at last persuaded himself that virtue insured fame, and that though the public are often severe, they nevertheless are just; that those whom they esteem are always possessed of merit, and those whom they condemn are worthy of being despised.

During the months Sir Edward Seymour passed in London, he mixed but little in the noisy pleasures of the metropolis; he chiefly resided at the house of Mr. Clements, his benefactor, who treated him in every respect as if he had been his own son. He had a few chosen friends whom he visited, amongst whom was a lady of the name of Harley, who at the age of one-and-twenty had been two years a widow. Our hero's acquaintance with this lady had commenced at the house of a relation, where she spent the summer months; and as Sir Edward's regiment was at that period quartered in its vicinity, he had been a frequent visiter there. To know the lovely Mrs. Harley, and not to admire her, was next to an impossibility; and our hero, who possessed all that warm enthusiasm towards those who combine beauty with every feminine virtue, which worthy minds generally feel, thought the fair widow the most perfect of God's creatures. She, on her side, was not blind to the amiable qualities of Sir Edward. She thought she had discovered in him the virtues which she should have wished her partner through life to possess; the husband she had lost had been chosen by her parents; and though at the age of sixteen they had forced her to bestow her hand on General Harley, a gentleman just returned from the East Indies, with immense riches, and nearly three times her age, her heart never had any share in this union. Though the fair Eliza had exerted every power to oblige the husband her parents had given her, yet his naturally bad temper, soured by illness, was not calculated to make a lovely young woman happy; but her mild and patient disposition, added to a sense of duty, prompted her to pay him every attention, till, after having been his nurse for three years, death called him away, and left our heroine, at the age of nineteen, once more free, and in the possession of a handsome fortune. Her widowhood was spent partly with her relations, and partly at her house in Upper Grosvenor-street, where one or the other of her female friends generally resided with her.

Sir Edward Seymour, though he could not resist the temptation of visiting at the house of Mrs. Harley, sought carefully to hide his sentiments; he adored the fair widow, and he had every reason to imagine that he had gained an interest in her heart. But she possessed three thousand a year; and what would have become of Sir Edward if the world were to accuse him of seeking to make his fortune by marriage.

He was not, however, totally bereft of hope, Mrs. Harley was engaged in a law-suit, on which depended a considerable part of her fortune.—Sir Edward awaited the issue of it, to bid her an eternal adieu if she gained it; or if the contrary

happened, to declare his love. Happily the suit was lost; he no longer balanced, but immediately disclosed the secret of his heart, and revealed to his fair friend what she had long suspected.—Mrs. Harley did ample justice to the delicacy of his conduct; and by the gentleness of her reply fully repaid him for what he had silently endured.

The lovers now confiding in each other, and consoled for the smallness of their fortune by the felicity attendant on a mutual attachment, had only to fix the day of their marriage. Both at liberty to choose for themselves, they thought no obstacle could possibly intervene to prevent their immediate union. Sir Edward only wished to apprize his cousin, Mr. Clements, of his intention, who still treated him with a kindness truly parental, without putting the least restriction on his actions, fully conscious of our hero's prudence. Mrs. Harley, on her side, was entirely her own mistress; but the friendship and respect which she bore to an old gentleman, the elder brother of her late husband, made her consider it incumbent on her to consult him before she changed her situation.

This Mr. Harley was rather a singular man; his disposition was completely the opposite to Sir Edward's. As much did this young man respect and fear the opinion of others, as the old gentleman despised every opinion which did not agree with his own. What he had once thought, or advanced, was considered by him as a sacred law, which he could not comprehend why every one did not follow. He acknowledged, without the least hesitation, that in the whole course of his life he had never been mistaken, and that he had never changed his opinion on any subject; for sixty years he had always been in the right.—Setting this aside, he was a man of strict honour and irreproachable conduct, a good father, and a sincere friend; but an eternal arguer. His method of proving what he advanced, was to continue to speak, and never to cease; and as he had excellent lungs, and in the end those whom he wished to persuade, tired with listening to him, were glad to let him have his own way to get rid of him. Mr. Harley had no doubt but that he had convinced them; and was, in his own opinion, the most able orator in Europe. He had been married in his youth, and was a very affectionate husband; but he would insist upon teaching his wife elocution; and at last, by listening to her husband, poor Mrs. Harley died completely deprived of hearing. She left him an only son, who was now pursuing his studies at Oxford, where it was his father's intention that he should remain until he had attained his thirty-first year. While waiting for this period, he continued to argue with unabated vigour; he often visited his sister-in law, who fully appreciating his excellent qualities, often asked his advice, never contradicted him, and was, in his opinion, the most sensible woman in England.

Mrs. Harley spoke to him of her sentiments for Sir Edward, and of the offer she had received of his hand. Mr. Harley warmly approved her choice. "I have," said he, "for a long time esteemed Sir Edward; he is a man of honour, and possesses no small portion of merit; though his character is deficient in firmness, he is too desirous of pleasing, and has not, for what the world calls polished manners, that dignified contempt, that profound indifference, which distinguishes an exalted mind. But I hope this will all come in due time, with a little of my instruction. He has good principles, which form the main point; and if he listen to my advice, I will answer for his soon being totally careless of the opinion of the world."

The fair widow smiled, and the marriage day was fixed. Sir Edward, at the height of his wishes, wrote immediately to his cousin Clements, who had been for some time at his country seat, about sixty miles from town. A few hours after he had dispatched his letter, a messenger arrived, who brought the unexpected news of Mr. Clements' sudden death, caused by a fit of apoplexy, which had carried him off in two days. As he was a bachelor, all his relatives had immediately repaired to his mansion, anxious to learn who was heir to his immense property.—The will had been read, and the rapacious crew nearly expired with grief on discovering that Mr. Clements had left all his possessions to his cousin, Sir Edward Seymour.

With the will was found a letter very carefully sealed, and addressed to our hero. The man of business, who had the care of the deceased's affairs, immediately sent this letter to Sir Edward, with a copy of the will. All the relations had withdrawn themselves, with their spirits much more depressed than when they arrived; and Mr. Clements' funeral was only attended by his domestics.

Sir Edward, as much afflicted as astonished, shed sincere tears to the memory of his benefactor. He loved him with a truly filial affection; he was indebted to him for all he possessed; and the opulence which he was about to enjoy, could not console him for his loss. Alarmed at the mystery which the letter so cautiously sealed seemed to inclose, he feared to peruse it; and at length determined only to open it in the presence of his beloved Eliza, and his friend Mr. Harley. With this intention he repaired to Grosvenor-street, and fortunately found them together; he immediately informed them of what had hap-

pened, broke the seal, and began to read aloud the letter, which was couched in the following terms:—

"MY DEAR EDWARD,

"I shall not recall to your remembrance all that I have done for you since your infancy; your good heart has too often acknowledged it. You have honoured me, my friend, in giving me the right of looking upon you as my son; and it is I who should return you thanks for having for so many years enjoyed the society of so virtuous a youth.

"I bequeath to you all my fortune; ever since I have known you, it is for *you alone* that I have ever destined it. It amounts to ten thousand a year; and I trust that I have taken every necessary precaution that no one should dispute your title to it. As the whole of it has been acquired by my own industry, I think I may be allowed to dispose of it without consulting any one. If your extreme delicacy should prompt you to refuse my gift, and give it up to my relations, or to any one whatever, I now solemnly declare, that you could not in any way act more opposite to my wishes, or more highly offend the memory of your departed friend.

"My will gives you all my possessions, without any conditions; and this letter is not intended to dictate to you, it will only contain a request.

"I have a daughter, aged eighteen, whom I have caused to be educated with the greatest care. She is amiable, handsome, and in every respect deserving of my tenderness, and cannot fail making an excellent wife. Her mother, whom I long loved, has made me experience what I before thought impossible, namely, a violent affection for an object whom I could not esteem. God preserve you, my dear Edward, from so fatal a passion! It often torments us, and always makes us despicable even in our own eyes. Invincible obstacles, partly arising from the violence of this woman's temper, have deterred me from making her my wife. She is called Mrs. Jones, and her daughter, Frances, passes for her niece, and resides with her at a small estate called the Priory, the only gift of mine which Mrs. Jones has not dissipated.

"I entreat you as my friend, as my adopted son, to repair the injury I have committed towards my daughter, and to place her in a station which I could not bestow on her; and acquit me of the debt I owe her by raising her to the rank of your wife. I again repeat to you, my dear Edward, that this request is not a command; and especially wish you to understand, that it is not a condition, and bears no relation with what I have bequeathed to you. This hope, which I carry with me to the tomb, will soften my latter moments, and augment, if possible, the tenderness which your best friend and cousin has ever borne towards you.

"GEORGE CLEMENTS."

After the perusal of this letter, our hero, thunder-struck and motionless, fixed his mournful eyes on Mrs. Harley; who, without uttering a word, bent her looks to the ground. Her brother-in-law attentively watched Sir Edward's countenance, and all three observed a profound silence, which was first broken by Mr. Harley. "What will be your determination?" said he: "I fear you hesitate." "No," replied our hero, "I am vexed, but I dot not hesitate. Whatever were the rights of my benefactor before he made me his heir, he did not possess that of disposing of my heart, breaking my vows, or making me eternally miserable. No person in existence can contest this truth. Well, I will place myself precisely in the same situation as before his death. I will give up the succession, return to my native poverty, my native liberty, and I shall think myself but too well repaid for this trifling sacrifice in becoming the husband of the only woman in the world I could sincerely love."

A look from Mrs Harley was her only reply; but the old gentleman knitting his brows exclaimed, "What is it you say? you have not surely paid attention to the letter you have just read? It forbids you in plain terms to reject this inheritance; and explains to you the motives of this prohibition. Would you thus dare to despise the manifest intention of your benefactor? He depended on your wedding his daughter, he has made you his heir, not on that condition, for I can distinguish in this case, that you are perfectly free to accept or reject; but he commenced by giving you his fortune, and forbidding your rejection of it; he then asks a favour of you, which honour, and gratitude, compel you to grant, the more readily as no contraint is put upon you; he then wished to dispense with the obligation imposed by a law, to lay upon you a much more powerful one, much stronger than all the laws in the world, that of your conscience."

"But my conscience is engaged," mildly rejoined Sir Edward, "and nothing can—."

"Do not interrupt me, Sir," continued Mr. Harley, raising his voice, "but answer me this question. If your benefactor still lived, and you declared to him that you would not marry his daughter, it is at least uncertain whether Mr. Clements would not have changed his intention, and have given his fortune to one who would have fulfilled his desires. Now that he is dead, how can he change it? You then have no longer

the right of choosing, you must obey his wishes and requests, and ought to consider them as commands; and you will agree, Sir, that honour and duty will make no allowances for the pains of love."

"That may be," replied our hero with emotion, "but I thought friendship reckoned them for something; and that it explained itself with less harshness." "O, Sir!" answered Mr. Harley, "probity and truth need not be clothed in flowery language, and all those who will think or speak differently from me are either fools or rogues." "But you will permit me to believe, notwithstanding the deference I have for your wisdom and morals, that there exists in the universe men endowed with equal virtues, and equally enlightened; I will consult them, Sir, and if I find them all of your opinion, death shall deprive me from obeying their counsels."

Saying these words he hastily departed, without listening to Mr. Harley, who loudly exclaimed, "You may die if you please, but that will prove nothing. It is often easier to die than do one's duty, as I have proved a thousand times." Sir Edward had reached the street, yet the old gentleman followed him to the door, quoting Cicero's Offices.

Our hero, his mind too much tormented to be discreet, ran to consult his friends, first enjoining them secrecy. Each was of a different opinion; some wished him to divide the succession equally between the deceased's relations, reserving a share for himself, and then he would be at liberty to marry his fair widow; and others advised him to give up the whole to Mr. Clements' daughter; and a few were of Mr. Harley's opinion! Many of his most fashionable friends assured him that his first engagement with Mrs. Harley, left him free of that imposed by his cousin, and that he might marry his mistress without giving up a shilling of the fortune bequeathed to him. In short, this affair was viewed in so many different lights, that poor Sir Edward, who had all his life endeavoured to be blamed by no one, began to despair of accomplishing his aim on this occasion.

More agitated, more miserable than ever, he returned to Mrs. Harley, to ask her what he ought to do, determined to sacrifice all the opinions to which he had listened to hers. He found her alone and in tears, at the sight of which our hero fell on his knees, and took Heaven as a witness that no power on earth should force him to betray his vows, and concluded by supplicating her to regulate his conduct, promising to do every thing but marry Miss Jones. The affectionate Eliza required much solicitation before she would consent to what he asked, she felt too much interested in the part Sir Edward would take, to think herself entitled to give her advice. But witnessing the despair of her lover her scruples vanished, and she determined to examine the affair, if practicable, as if it were that of an indifferent person; and after collecting and discussing the various opinions, she finished by speaking in the following terms:

"According to the most rigid morality, I do not think you obliged to do for your deceased benefactor what you never would have done for him while living. What were his intentions? it appears to me that he had two: the one to divide his fortune between the two beings he loved most, his daughter, and you whom he considered as his son, you whom he declares he had chosen for his heir from the moment he took you under his protection; the other was to establish his daughter, by marrying her to a worthy man, who would be able to love her and make her happy, and preserve for her a fortune, which Mr. Clements would not confide to her mother, for fear, as he gives you to understand, she should dissipate it. In doing all that your cousin would have done, you cannot offend his memory. Divide the possessions with Miss Jones as if she were your sister; you will then have fulfilled the first point: afterwards endeavour to find her a partner, who shall have nearly the same qualities which Mr. Clements admired in you; I, more than any person, think you will find such a man but with much difficulty; but the fair Frances who is not acquainted with you will see you with different eyes from mine. Until this time arrives keep the fortune in your hands, administering to her necessities as a guardian does to his ward. It appears to me that if your cousin had lived he would not have acted differently; and no one can require that you should do more for Frances than her father would have done."

A well argued point from the lips of those we love, bears double conviction. Sir Edward convinced by what he had just heard, and impatient to follow an advice which seemed to conciliate all parties, set out the next morning to inform Mrs. Jones of his intentions. The mother and daughter, thought he, will find themselves at the summit of their wishes, they little expect the immense present I am taking them. I shall insure Mrs. Jones a handsome annuity for her life, and the interesting Frances, with five thousand a year, will not want for lovers; I shall allow her a free choice; I shall make two beings happy, and shall be happy myself, and no one I think will be able to blame my conduct, when all the parties concerned will openly declare their gratitude. O my beloved Eliza! it is to you I owe these blessings, it is your prudence that has snatched me from the dangers in which I was involved! How delightful it is for

your lover, to owe all his happiness to you alone!

Filled with the most pleasing ideas our hero arrived at the Priory. It appeared to be a very ancient building, and much out of repair. On entering the court-yard, a servant of rather a shaby appearance, asked him what he wanted. Sir Edward told him he wished to see Mrs. Jones, and if she was at home, to tell her that the cousin of Mr. Clements, whose death she had, he supposed, been made acquainted with, requested to see her. The man said his mistress had heard of Mr. Clements' death, and immediately showed him into a parlour, where a very handsome young woman was reading with great attention a letter, which, on Sir Edward's entrance, she hastily hid in her bosom. Our hero bowed, and the young woman arose with some confusion, but gracefully returning his salute, and begging him to be seated, left the room on the pretence of informing her aunt. Sir Edward on hearing this appellation, no longer doubted that this was Frances; he however dared not recall her, and Mrs. Jones, in a few minutes, made her appearance unaccompanied by her niece.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

page 194. 200.

## ADDITIONS TO THE NATURAL HISTORY OF CERTAIN ANIMALS.

### LIONS.

CITIZEN FELIX, in 1797, brought a lion and a lioness to the national Menagerie in Paris. About two years after, Felix fell ill, and could no longer attend the lions, so that another person was obliged to do the duty for him. The lion, sad and solitary, remained from that moment constantly seated at the end of his cage, and refused to receive any thing from the stranger; his presence was even hateful to him, and he menaced him by roaring. The company of the female also seemed to displease him, he paid no attention to her. The uneasiness of the animal made him be thought really ill, but no person dared to approach him. At length Felix got well, and meaning to surprise the lion, he crept softly to the cage, and showed only his face against the bars; the lion directly made a bound against the bars, patted him with his paws, licked his hands and face, and trembled with pleasure. The female ran to him also, but the lion drove her back, seemed angry, and unwilling she should snatch any favours from Felix; a quarrel seemed about to take place between them, but Felix entered into the cage to pacify them; he caressed them by turns. Felix is now frequently seen between this formidable couple, whose power he has fettered, holding a kind of conversation with them. If he wishes them to separate and retire to their cage, they obey his commands, and at the least sign from him, lie down on their backs to shew strangers their paws armed with terrible claws, and open their mouths full of tremendous teeth; and are rewarded by being permitted to lick his hands. These two animals, of a strong breed, are five years and a half old (1799); they were both of the same mother, and have always lived together.

### WOLVES.

In 1799 one of the wolves which was kept in the national Menagerie, in Paris, brought forth several young ones, of which three were left her to bring up; one of these little ones sometimes got through the bars of the cage in which they were kept, in order to play with the dogs in the yard, and afterwards returned into the cage. The keeper said that the father and dam of the young wolves were displeased at this frequentation; be this as it may, one morning they fell on the three young ones and devoured them; nothing was left but pieces of the skin and a few bones.

It may not be thought incurious to insert a few particulars about the number of wolves in France, extracted from two French publications on the subject. M. de la Bergerie, in his "Researches into the principal impediments to the progress of Agriculture," says,—"If the state were to pay a million of livres for the head of the last wolf in France, it would in the same year gain above twenty millions: on my own lands between the months of March and October, which time does not include the season when wolves commit the greatest ravages, they destroyed a bull, a cow, a mare, and a foal." M. de Moncel says,—"In my parish, in six weeks time of the winter 1797, the wolves destroyed twenty three horses, and in a neighbouring parish fifty-three head of cattle in the same year."

This book contains a register, in near 400 pages, of the havoc made by wolves, and mentions that twenty-three persons were devoured by them in the environs of Sens. From the emigration of rich and idle people, from the general disarming, and from the ordinary consequences of war, wolves have multiplied terribly in France; in 1796 the government proclaimed rewards to

whoever killed a wolf big with young, of fifty livres, twenty livres for every young wolf, and a hundred and fifty livres for any wolf who was known to have destroyed any man, woman, or child. The result of this proclamation was published in the "Annals of Agriculture," the following year; by which it appears, that notwithstanding eleven departments had not yet sent in their statement, there were killed in one year in France,

| | |
|---|---|
| Mad wolves, or which had attacked men | 22 |
| Male wolves, not mad .............. | 1034 |
| Wolves big with young ........... | 114 |
| She-wolves not with young.......... | 702 |
| Young wolves, the size of foxes ...... | 3479 |
| Total | 5351 |

In this list is not reckoned such as were killed by persons who did not claim any reward.

These six thousand wolves would probably have produced in two years at least twelve thousand more, which, at only ten sheep each, would have devoured 120,000 sheep, not to mention horses and cattle. If the value of these animals be calculated it will be found to amount to an enormous sum, both on account of the preservation and the reproduction.

Wolves infested Ireland many centuries after their extirpation in England; the last presentment for killing wolves being made in the county of Cork about the year 1710.

The breed of these animals can hardly ever become extinct in France, because they abound in the immense forests of Germany which confine on the north-east borders of France, into which empire thousands are continually making inroads.

M. de Moncel, among other enemies to agriculture, enumerates sparrows, which occasion infinite damage. Their number is calculated to be half that of the population of France, and that each sparrow eats annually a measure of corn weighing twenty pounds. These birds are equally noxious in other countries.

*(To be continued.)* page 181.

# SELECT ANECDOTES AND SAYINGS

## OF THE LATE M. DE CHAMFORT, MEMBER OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY, OF MADAME NECKER, AND OTHERS.

A KING of Sardinia was once told that the nobility of Savoy were very poor. At a certain time several noblemen, knowing that the king was to pass through Chambery, came to pay their homage in magnificent dresses. The king gave them to understand that he did not think them so poor as had been represented. "Sire," answered they, "we were informed of your majesty's arrival; we have done what we ought, but we owe what we have done." *Nous avons fait tout ce que nous devions, mais nous devons tout ce que nous avons fait.*"

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The book of Helvetius, *De l'Esprit*, and Voltaire's poem of *La Pucelle d'Orleans*, were prohibited in Switzerland at the same time. A magistrate of Berne, after a strict search for those two works, wrote to the senate:—"We have not found in the whole province either wit or maid."

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Gabrielli, the celebrated singer, having demanded five thousand ducats of the Empress of Russia, for singing two months at Petersburgh, the Empress answered,—"I do not pay any of my Field-marshals at that rate." "If that be the case," replied Gabrielli, "your Majesty has only to make your Field-marshals sing." The Empress paid the five thousand ducats.

Some of the counsellors at the bar talking loudly during a trial, M. de Harley, the president, said,—"If those gentlemen who converse together made no more noise than those gentlemen who are asleep, it would be more agreeable to those gentlemen who listen."

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Mademoiselle du Thé having lost one of her lovers, and this event having become public, a gentleman who paid her a visit, found her playing on the harp; and quite surprised, said to her, "I thought to have found you in a state of desolation!" "Ah!" said she, in a pathetic tone, "you should have seen me yesterday!"

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A lady conversing with a gentleman, said, "Get you gone, you always talk nonsense."—"Madam," replied he, "I hear it sometimes, and you catch me in the fact."

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A lady who was piqued with the manner in which a gentleman refused to marry her, said to him, "You are the silliest man about the court." "You certainly see the contrary," replied he.

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The manager of a theatre begging the Duke de Villars to forbid the free admission of the court Pages to the playhouse, said, "My lord, you will please to observe that many pages make a volume."

A preacher said, "When Father Bourdaloue preached at Rouen, he caused much disorder, tradespeople left their shops, physicians their patients, &c. I preached there the following year," added he, "and restored every thing to order."

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A person said to Rousseau, who had won seve-ral games at chess of the Prince of Conti, "You have not made your court to the Prince, you should have let him win a few games." "How!" replied he, "do not I give him a Rook?"

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A witty lady,* not handsome, finding Marshal Richelieu took no notice of her at court, but was engaged in conversation with a lady who was very beautiful, but was accounted rather stupid, went up to him and said,—"Marshal, you are not blind, but I believe you are a little deaf."

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In an Italian farce, Harlequin reflecting on the various defects of each sex, says,—"How perfect should we all be if we were neither men nor women!"

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"You are always yawning," said a woman to her husband. "My dear friend," replied he, "the husband and wife are one, and when I am alone I grow weary."

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A person said to a physician, "Well, Doctor, Mr. B. is dead notwithstanding you promised to cure him." The Doctor replied, "You were absent, Sir, you did not follow the progress of the cure—he died cured."

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An Abbé, member of the French academy, a great purist, was working at a grammar. One day the company he happened to be in was lamenting the miseries of the wars.—"All this matters not," said he, "it does not hinder me from having inserted in my grammar two thousand French verbs completely conjugated."

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Time is like space, it is only measured by the objects which fill it.

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An old gentleman had made a settlement of fifty pounds a year on a young girl, to be paid as long as she loved him. She inconsiderately left him, and attached herself to a young man, who, having examined that contract, thought he could revive it. In consequence, she claimed the quarters which were due since the last payment, informing him upon stamped paper that she still continued to love him.

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A foolish fellow said in a company, "An idea strikes me."—A wag retorted, "I am surprised at it!"

A gazetteer inserted in his paper,—"Some say Cardinal Mazarin is dead, others that he is still living; as to me, I believe neither the one nor the other."

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A printseller wanted to sell at an exorbitant price the portrait of Madame la Motte (of necklace memory), who had been whipt and branded on the scaffold four days before, and gave for reason that the print was taken before the letter-press.

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Viscount S. once met M. de V. and said to him, "Is it true, Sir, that in a house where I am thought to be witty, you said I had no wit at all?" M. de V. answered, "My lord, there is not a word of truth in the matter, I never was in any house where you were thought to be witty, and I never had occasion to tell any body you had no wit at all."

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Those persons who enter into long printed justifications before the public, appear to me like dogs which run yelping after a post-chaise.

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"From whence the phrase—*learn to die?*" said a young lady, "I perceive that people succeed very well the first time."

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A man of moderate fortune undertook to assist an unfortunate gentleman who was left in want by two rich noblemen who had formerly been his intimate friends; the particulars of the affair were told him, with its aggravating circumstances relative to the two noblemen. He answered quietly:—"How do you think the world could subsist if poor people were not continually employed in doing the good which the rich neglect, and in mending the evils which they commit?"

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A French nobleman had been in love with a lady of high rank who treated him with contempt. He became prime minister; she stood in need of him, and he reminded her of her rigour. "Ah! my lord," said she ingenuously, "who could have foreseen this!"

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A country Doctor going on foot to visit a patient in a neighbouring village, took a gun to amuse himself on the road. A peasant met him, and asked him whither he was going? "To see a patient." "Are you afraid of missing him?"

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A perfumer would emulate the greatest poets, and strike our imagination more forcibly if he could, for example, imitate the scent of the earth after a shower of rain in the spring, or after a summer heat; so great is the power of reminiscence and the connexion of ideas.

A girl at confession said,—"I accuse myself of having esteemed a young man." "Esteemed! how many times?" asked the Father.

A French actress recited imprecatory verses with terrible gestures, but as soon as she had done, her face remained quite composed and without dumb play. Mr. Garrick said of her, "She is a good girl, she puts herself into a furious passion, but she bears not the least shadow of malice."

By writing upon all the events of our lives, on all the thoughts worth attention which successively occupy us, on the influence of things relatively to our character and temper, and by often reading what we may have written at different times, we multiply and prolong the advantages of experience.

M. Orri, Comptroller-General of finances, a blunt, worthy man, said to a lady whom Louis XV. had just taken into favour (afterwards Marquise de Pompadour), who requested a place for one of her friends,—"If you are what people say, you do not want my interest; if you are not, I will bestow this place according to merit."—Madame turned her back on him, and the King afterwards received him coolly.

On observing the miserable shifts which many persons are reduced to in order to kill time, I open a book, and say to myself, as the cat did to the fox, I have but one trick, but it never fails me in time of need.

Those persons who are solely addicted to self-love, continually persuade themselves that others are either admiring or envying them; they are like thieves who perpetually believe they are pointed at.

We should endeavour to guard ourselves against being plagued about trifles. This is the malady of happy persons, it pursues them like those ephemeron insects which will not let us enjoy a fine day.

In a dispute on the prejudices which render the family of a criminal infamous, N——, said, "It is quite enough to see honours and rewards bestowed where there is no virtue, without inflicting a punishment where there is no crime.

The singers belonging to the chapel of a poor nobleman solicited to be paid their salary; they received for answer,—"We do not pay those who cry for their money, how would you have us pay those who sing for it?"

Towards the end of life we are ourselves; we no longer seek to please, and we lose the desire of pleasing together with the right.

D'Alembert was of opinion, that for the public assembled a particular kind of eloquence is requisite; that it is essential to speak in short sentences, and never to exhibit any thing to notice which is difficult to be understood. As soon as the attention of a numerous assembly is distracted for a moment it cannot be fixed anew.

The following epitaph was made on the mother of the Duke d'Orleans, regent:—"Here lies Idleness." The proverb says,—"Idleness is the mother of all vices."

"I do not like those impeccable women," said T——, "who are above all weakness. I fancy I read on their door the line of Dante on the gate of hell.—*Voi che intrate, lasciate ogni speranza.*"

An idea which appears twice in one work, especially if at a short distance, affects me in the manner those people do who, after having taken leave, return to fetch their cane or sword.

"I am playing at chess for a shilling in a saloon where the dice are rattling for a hundred guineas," said a General who was employed in a difficult and unprofitable service, whilst other Generals were making easy, brilliant, and lucrative campaigns.

The Duke de Lauraguais carried off an actress; the Duchess was generally esteemed, and the public was exasperated at her husband for this action. He attempted to justify himself to the Abbé d'Arnaud, with the eulogy of his mistress. "Have you done?" answered the Abbé, "put into the other scale the contempt of the public." The Duke embraced him fervently; "my dear Abbé, I am the happiest of men, I possess at one time a virtuous wife, a charming mistress, and a sincere friend."

Marmontel said that the difference between the tragedies of the ancients and those of the moderns was like that between a spit-jack and a watch; as to the jack, the weight which moves the machine is on the outside; this is fatality, &c.: in the watch, as in modern tragedy, the springs are in the inside; these are love, ambition, &c.

A man being at his last gasp, his confessor attended him, and said,—"I am come to exhort you to die." "And I," replied the other, "exhort you to let me die."

# A STATISTICAL SURVEY OF PRUSSIA IN SEPTEMBER, 1806.

FROM THE LATEST AND BEST AUTHORITIES.

| *Grand Divisions.* | *Areas in German Square Miles.* (15 *to a degree.*) | *Population.* | *Number of Inhabitants on each German square mile.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| MONARCHY OF PRUSSIA ... | 5,647 | 9,851,000 | 1,744 |
| *A.* KINGDOM OF PRUSSIA.......... | 3,153 | 4,104,000 | 1,301 |
| *a.* Old East Prussia ............ | 704 | 990,000 | 1,406 |
| *b.* New East Prussia........... | 915 | 877,000 | 958 |
| *c.* West Prussia .............. | 576 | 817,000 | 1,418 |
| *d.* South Prussia ............. | 958 | 1,420,000 | 1,483 |
| *B.* DUCHY OF SILESIA............ | 730 | 2,047,000 | 2,822 |
| *a.* Lower Silesia .............. | 411 | 1,202,061 | 2,924 |
| *b.* Upper Silesia .............. | 249 | 601,128 | 2,414 |
| *c.* Glatz ...................... | 29 | 101,919 | 3,514 |
| *d.* New Silesia ................ | 41 | 71,826 | 1,751 |
| *C.* PROVINCES IN GERMANY........ | 1,751 | 3,653,000 | 2,085 |
| *a.* In Upper Saxony............ | 1,167 | 1,853,000 | 1,587 |
| 1. The Electoral March...... | 452 | 3,530,000 | 1,974 |
| 2. The New March ........ | 206⅛ | 324,000 | 1,572 |
| 3. Pomerania .............. | 442⅛ | 518,000 | 1,180 |
| 4. Erfurt, Eilhsfeld, Muhlhausen and Nordhausen | 48½ | 158,000 | 3,260 |
| *b.* IN LOWER SAXONY.......... | 187 | 581,000 | 3,106 |
| 1. Magdeburg and Mansfeld.. | 108 | 320,000 | 2,941 |
| 2. Halberstadt............. | 26⅞ | 101,000 | 3,708 |
| 3. Hohenstein.............. | 8½ | 26,000 | 3,058 |
| 4. Quedlinburg ............ | 1⅞ | 14,000 | 6,800 |
| 5. Hildesheim and Goslar.... | 40 | 120,000 | 3,000 |
| *c.* IN WESTPHALIA............ | 275 | 726,000 | 2,594 |
| 1. Kleve and Elten.......... | 20½ | 54,000 | 2,634 |
| 2. Mark, Essen, and Werden | 51 | 148,000 | 2,902 |
| 3. Minden ................ | 18½ | 70,363 | 3,803 |
| 4. Ravensberg.............. | 16⅓ | 89,938 | 5,506 |
| 5. Lingen and Teklenburg .. | 13 | 46,000 | 3,538 |
| 6. Ostfriesland (Frisia) ...... | 56¾ | 119,562 | 2,108 |
| 7. Munster and Pappenberg .. | 49 | 99,040 | 2,020 |
| 8. Paderborn .............. | 50 | 98,407 | 1,969 |
| *d.* IN FRANCONIA ............ | 120 | 493,000 | 4,108 |
| 1. Anspach ................ | 62¾ | 270,000 | 4,302 |
| 2. Bayreuth................ | 57¼ | 225,000 | 3,896 |
| *D.* NEUFCHATEL AND VALENGIN .. | 16 | 47,900 | 2,902 |

*Chief Towns, and their Population.*—Berlin, 178,308—Warschau, 74,591—Breslau, 60,956 Konigsberg, 60,000—Dantzig, 46,213—Magdeburg, 37,451—Potsdam, 26,980—Stettin, 22,835 Posen, 21,473—Halle, 21,350—Elbing, 18,805—Erfurt, 17,684—Frankfurt, (on the Oder) 17,531 Anspach, 13,928—Halberstadt, 13,816—Munster, 13,000—Hildeshiem, 12,400—Furth, 12,338 Brandenburg, 12,154—Quedlinburg, 11,500—Emden, 10,745—Bayreuth, 10,000.

*Note* 1. In 1805, the remaining part of the Duchy of Cleve, the Principalities of Neufchatel and Valengin, of Anspach and Bayreuth, were ceded to France; in lieu of which the Hanoverian Countries (about 700 German square miles, and one million and one hundred thousand Inhabitants) were disposed of by Napoleon in favour of the King of Prussia.

*Note* 2. Deducting the former from and adding the latter to the sum total at the top of the above Survey, the Prussian Monarchy contained in September, 1806, 6,191 German square miles, and 10,365,100 Inhabitants.—Public Revenue 38—40 Millions of Rix dollars, or 60 Millions of Florins.

# LOSSES OF PRUSSIA.

BY THE PEACE OF TILSIT, SIGNED ON THE 9TH OF JUNE, 1807, THE KING OF PRUSSIA IS OBLIGED TO GIVE UP THE FOLLOWING PROVINCES.

| | Ger. squ. miles (15 to a deg.) | Population. |
|---|---|---|
| *A*. IN THE KINGDOM OF PRUSSIA. | | |
| *a*. West Prussia, and the greatest part of the Netz District, ceded to Frederick the Great in the year 1773* | 556 | 817,000 |
| *b*. Dantzic, Thorn, and part of South Prussia, ceded by Poland in the year 1793 .................... | 760½ | } |
| *c*. The rest of South Prussia, and New East Prussia, ceded by the Treaty of St. Petersburg, in the year 1795.. | 1187 | } 2,100,000 |
| *B*. IN UPPER SAXONY. | | |
| *a*. The Altmark .................... | 62 | 114,000 |
| *b*. Erfurt, Eichsfeld, Muhlhausen, and Nordhausen .................. | 48½ | 158,000 |
| *c*. Cotbus (in Lusatia) .............. | 17 | 33,260 |
| *C*. IN LOWER SAXONY. | | |
| *a*. Western Division of Magdeburg, about ........................ | 61 | 250,000 |
| *b*. Halberstadt .................... | 26⅞ | 101,000 |
| *c*. Hohenstein .................... | 8½ | 26,000 |
| *d*. Quedlinburg .................. | 1⅞ | 14,000 |
| *e*. Hildesheim and Goslar .......... | 40 | 120,000 |
| *D*. IN WESTPHALIA. | | |
| *a*. Mark, Essen, and Werden........ | 51 | 148,000 |
| *b*. Minden........................ | 18½ | 70,363 |
| *c*. Ravensberg .................... | 16⅓ | 89,938 |
| *d*. Lingen and Teklenburg .......... | 13 | 46,000 |
| *e*. Ostfriesland (Frisia)............. | 56¾ | 119,562 |
| *f*. Munster and Pappenberg.......... | 49 | 99,040 |
| *g*. Paderborn ...................... | 50 | 98,407 |
| *E*. ELECTORATE OF HANOVER.... | 700 | 1,100,000 |
| Loss total.. | 3,723 | 5,464,570 |

*Note* 1. Burggrave Frederick of Nurenberg, Master of Anspach and Bayreuth, (1[illegible]8 Ger. square miles), lays the first foundation of the future greatness of his House, by purchasing the Electoral March of Brandenburg, in the year 1415; extent of his Possessions at his death....*G. sq. m.* 463

| | |
|---|---|
| Extent at the death of the Elector Frederick II. (1470) - | 543 |
| Ditto Albrecht Achill, (1486) | 680 |
| —— Johann Cicero, (1499) - | 580 |
| —— Joachim I. (1535) - - | 613 |
| —— Joachim II. (1571) - - | 407 |
| —— Johann Georg, (1598) - | 638 |
| —— Joachim Frederic, (1608) | 638 |
| —— Johan Siegmund, (1619) | 1443 |
| —— Geo. Wilhelm, (1640) | 1443 |
| —— Fred. Wilhelm, (1688) | 1961 |
| —— King Frederick I (1713) | 1992 |
| —— King Fred. Wilhelm I. (1740) - - - | 2105 |
| —— King Frederic II. (1786) | 3396 |
| —— King Fred. Wilhelm II. (1797) - - | 5496 |
| —— Under the reign of his present Majesty in Sept. 1806, - - - | 6191 |
| After the Peace of Tilsit, | 2468 |

*Note* 2. During the time of the 30 years war, the whole Army of the House of Brandenburg consisted of no more than 2000 men; and Gustavus Adolphus, with only 3000 men, forced the Elector George Wilhelm to fight for the Liberty of Germany.

*Note* 3. In the seven years war, Frederick the Great gloriously resisted the united efforts of France, Austria, Russia, &c. and raised Prussia to the highest pitch of glory,—to the very first leading Power in Europe.

*Note* 4. At the beginning of the present century Frederick Wilhelm, at the head of an army of upwards of 250,000 men, ranked with the very first Powers of Europe; in the year 1807, in the short space of seven months, this very army is entirely annihilated, and the Kingdom of Prussia degraded to the lowest state of political insignificancy.

*Note* 5. Frederick the Great, on his accession, found a treasure of eight million 700,000 dollars; which he increased to the astonishing sum of sixty millions.

*Note* 6. After the Peace of Tilsit, the remaining part of the dilapidated Prussian Monarchy is left in a most ruinous condition, ready to sink under a load of enormous debts, and reduced to poverty and general distress.

* After a second examination of the several Articles of the Peace at Tilsit, the Author of this Survey is sensible of having committed an error: the greatest part of *West* Prussia and the *Netz* District, remains a Prussian Province; of course it is to be deducted again from the sum total of the loss at the bottom of this table. The *exact area* cannot accurately be ascertained *at present.*

# THE CRIMINAL.

[*Concluded from Page 71.*]

The deeds of this man in a short time spread alarm through the whole province. The highways were rendered unsafe; frequent housebreaking by night distressed the citizen; the name of the landlord of the sun became the terror of the country people; justice made strict search for him, and set a reward on his head. He was fortunate enough to frustrate every attempt on his liberty, and sufficiently artful to avail himself of the fears of the superstitious peasant for his own safety. His associates had spread a rumour, that he was a sorcerer, and had made a league with the devil. The district in which he played his part, was still less then, than at the present day, to be accounted among the civilized in Germany. The report was credited, and his person protected. Nobody seemed inclined to engage with the dangerous fellow whom the devil patronized.

He had now followed this unhappy line of life a year, when it began to grow insupportable to him. The band, at whose head he had placed himself, had not fulfilled his brilliant expectation. Overpowered with wine, he had then suffered himself to be won by a dazzling outside, now he discovered with horror how abominably he had been deceived. Hunger and want succeeded in the place of that superfluity with which they had inveigled him; very often was he compelled to risk his own life for a single meal, and even that was barely sufficient to keep soul and body together.

The shadow of that brotherly harmony vanished. Envy, suspicion, and jealousy kept this infernal band in perpetual dissention. Justice had offered a reward to any one, who would deliver him up alive, and should he be an accomplice, a solemn promise of pardon besides—a powerful inducement for the dregs of mankind. The integrity of those who had betrayed both God and man was but a poor security for his life. Sleep from this moment fled his eye-lids; constant fear of death preyed upon his rest; the ghastly spectre of suspicion haunted him wherever he fled; tortured him, when awake; couched on his pillow, when he went to sleep; and terrified him in horrid dreams. His conscience, which long had been dumb, at the same time regained the power of speech, and the canker-worm of repentance, which had been asleep, awoke at this general storm in his breast. All his hatred fell now from mankind and turned its terrible edge against himself. He forgave all nature, and found nobody to curse but himself alone.

Vice had accomplished its lesson on the unhappy wretch; his sound natural judgment at last triumphed over the sad deception. Now he felt how low he was fallen; a more settled melancholy succeeded in the place of wild despair. He wished with tears to recal the past, for he was now positive, that he would lead quite a different life. He began to hope that he might still be honest, because he felt he could be so. At the highest pitch of his iniquity he was perhaps nearer the good, than he was before his first transgression.

Just about this time the seven years war broke out, and the recruiting was carried on with great spirit. From this circumstance the unhappy wretch entertained hopes, and wrote a letter to his sovereign, an extract of which I shall here insert.

"If your princely favour does not shrink back at the idea of descending to me, if offenders of my nation do not lie beyond the limits of your mercy, grant me, I beseech you, most gracious sovereign, a hearing. I am a murderer and a thief. The law has condemned me to death, justice pursues me; and I offer to present myself voluntarily, but at the same time I lay before you a strange supplication. I detest life, and fear not to die, but awful to me are the thoughts of death without having lived. I would wish to live, in order to compensate for a part of the past; I would wish to live, in order to conciliate myself with the state, which I have injured. My execution will prove an example for the world, but no recompense for my crimes. I have an abhorrence for vice, and feel an ardent desire for virtue. I have displayed abilities, which have rendered me the terror of my country, I hope I still retain some to be useful to it.

"I am conscious that I require what is unprecedented. My life is forfeited, it does not become me to enter on stipulations with justice. But I do not appear before you in fetters and chains,—still I am free—and my fear has the smallest share in my prayer.

"It is mercy for which I entreat you. A claim on justice, if I even had one, I would not persume to adduce.—However, I may still be allow-

ed to remind my judges of one circumstance. The æra of my crimes commences with the sentence which for ever deprived me of honour. Had equity been then less denied me, I should now perhaps have no need of mercy.

"Let mercy take place of law, my sovereign. It is in your gracious power to dispense with the laws in my behalf; confer upon me my life. It shall from the present moment be devoted to your service. If you can, let me know your most gracious will from the public papers, and I shall on your princely word present myself in the capital. If you have determined otherwise with me, let justice do its duty, I must do mine."

This petition remained unanswered, as likewise a second and a third, in which the supplicant begged for the place of a dragoon in the prince's service.—His hope of a pardon totally extinguished, he formed therefore the resolution of flying out of the country, and of dying as a gallant soldier in the service of the king of Prussia

He escaped happily from his band, and began his journey. The way led him through a small country town, where he meant to pass the night. A short time before, stricter mandates had been issued throughout the whole country for the vigorous examination of travellers, because the sovereign, prince of the empire, had taken part in the war. Such orders had also been enjoined to the examiner of this town, who was sitting on a bench before the gate as the landlord of the Sun rode up to it. The equipage of this man exhibited something comic, and at the same time frightful and wild. The Rosinante on which he rode, and the burlesque choice of his garments, where his taste had probably been less consulted than the chronology of his robberies, made a wonderful contrast with a face on which was displayed so many violent affections, like mangled carcases on a field of battle. The examiner stopped short at the sight of this strange wanderer. He had grown gray at the gate, and a forty years experience had rendered him an infallible physiognomist for all vagabonds. The keen eye of this scrutinizing interrogator did not even here mistake his man. He immediately shut the gate, and laying hold of the reins, demanded of the rider his passport. Wolf was prepared for something of this kind, and carried really a passport with him, which he had lately taken from a merchant, whom he had robbed. But this single testimony was not sufficient to remove suspicions confirmed by a forty years experience, or to provoke the oracle at the gate to a revocation. The examiner credited his own eyes more than this paper, and Wolf was compelled to follow him to the justice.

The justice of the place examined the passport and declared it to be good. He was a great lover of news, and was particularly fond of talking politics over a bottle. The passport informed him, that the bearer came directly from the enemy's country, where the theatre of the war then was. He hoped to draw from the stranger some private information, and sent back a secretary with the passport, to invite him to drink a glass of wine with him.

Meanwhile the landlord stopped before the justices; the ludicrous spectacle had attracted the notice of the mob, and assembled them in flocks about him. A general murmur arises, they point alternately at the steed and rider, till at last the wantonness of the people ended in downright riot. The horse at which every one pointed, unfortunately happened to be a stolen one; he imagined that the horse had been advertised and was known. The unexpected hospitality of the justice confirms him in his suspicions. Now he is fully persuaded that the imposture of his passport is detected, and that the invitation is only a snare to catch him alive and without resistance. A bad conscience makes him a blockhead; he puts spurs to his horse, and gallops off without returning an answer.

This sudden flight is the signal for pursuit.

A general hue and cry is raised, "stop thief!" and every one fled after him. The life and death of the rider is at stake, he has already got the start of his pursuers, they pant breathless after him, he is near his delivery ——but a heavy hand presses invisibly against him, the hour of his fate is run, the inexorable Nemesis detains her debtor. The street to which he had trusted himself has no outlet; he is obliged to turn upon his pursuers.

The noise of this affair, in the mean time, had put the whole town in commotion, crowds gather on crowds, every street is barricadoed, a host of foes advance against him. He takes out a pistol, the populace fall back; he determines to open himself a way by force through the crowd. "I'll blow out that man's brains," cries he, "who is fool-hardy enough to stop me." Fear commands a general pause;—a resolute journeyman smith at last lays hold of his arm from behind, seizes the finger with which, frantic with despair, he was just going to draw the trigger, and thrust it out of joint. The pistol falls, the defenceless wretch is torn from his horse, and dragged back in triumph to the justices.

"Who are you, fellow?" asked the judge in a somewhat harsh tone of voice.

"A man who is resolved to answer no questions, until they are more civilly asked."

"Who are you then?"

"For what I passed myself. I have travelled through Germany, but such rude impertinence as I have met with here is to be found no where."

"Your hasty flight renders you very suspicious. Why did you fly?"

"Because I was weary of being the laughing-stock of your populace."

"You threatened to fire on them."

"My pistol was not loaded, you may examine it, you will find no ball in it."

"Why do you carry secret weapons with you?"

"Because I have things of value with me, and because I have been warned of a certain landlord of the Sun, who is said to infest this part of the country."

"Your answers say a great deal for your boldness, but nothing for your exculpation. I allow you till to-morrow to tell me the truth."

"I will remain by the answers I have given."

"Lead him to the tower."

"To the tower?—your worship, I hope there is still justice in the land. I shall require satisfaction."

"I shall give it you as soon as you can justify yourself."

The next morning the justice considered that the stranger might perhaps be innocent, that the authoritative manner of speaking would have but little influence on his obstinacy, and that it would be better to treat him with decency and moderation. He assembled the jury of the place, and ordered the prisoner to be brought before them.

"Pardon me, Sir, if in the first moment of my passion I yesterday spoke a little harshly to you."

"With pleasure, if you address me in this manner."

"Our laws are severe, and your affair made a noise, I cannot set you at liberty without infringing my duty. Appearances are against you, I wish you could say something to me by which they might be confuted."

"But if I knew nothing?"

"Then I must state the case to government, and you remain so long in custody."

"And then?"

"Then you run the danger of being whipped over the frontiers as a vagrant, or if they deal graciously with you, they will force you to enlist."

He was for some moments silent, and appeared to have a severe conflict with himself; then he turned boldly towards the judge.

"Can I be a quarter of an hour alone with you?"

The jury looked at one another in a doubtful manner, but retired on a commanding wink from their superior.

"Now what is your request?"

"Your behaviour of yesterday, Sir, would never have brought me to a confession, for I set force at defiance. The delicacy with which you have treated me this day has inspired me with confidence and respect towards you. I believe that you are a man of honour."

"What have you to say to me?"

"I see that you are a man of honour. I have long wished for such a man as you. Allow me your right hand."

"What is the use of all this?"

"Thy head is grey and reverend, you have lived long in the world, have had perhaps sorrows enough of your own—is it not so? and are become more inclined to pity the misery of your fellow-creatures?"

"Sir, what is the meaning of this?"

"You are now on the brink of eternity, soon will you yourself stand in need of mercy from God; you will not refuse it to men—have you no idea of what I am going to say? With whom do you suppose you speak?"

"What is all this? you frighten me."

"Have you still no idea.—Write to your prince in what state you found me, and that I was myself from free choice my betrayer; may God hereafter be merciful to him as he will presently be to me; entreat his pity in my behalf, father, and let a tear fall on your report.—I am the landlord of the Sun."

## THE WAY TO BECOME A MARSHAL.

### A TRUE STORY.

The state numbered the Count Von B—— among the most meritorious of its members He was equally respected by the court and his fellow-citizens in general. In a long and eventful war, in which two civilized nations not only disregarded at times all the principles of civilization but even of humanity itself, he risked for his country his life, his property, and all that he possessed. He was the only general whom the enemy alike feared and esteemed, before whom he fled, and whom he, nevertheless, loved. The same man who in the field fought with lion-like courage, who smiled with undaunted brow at wounds and danger, was always a mild conqueror after the battle; he maintained the most rigid discipline, attacking none but armed warriors, and protecting the citizen and the peasant. This magnanimity often rendered the short interval of repose after a

victory more serviceable to his party than the victory itself.

He now began to grow old, high in fame and rank, and possessing wealth and the leisure to enjoy it. Enjoying the rank of field-marshal, and a considerable salary, he passed the greatest part of the year on his estate in the country, spending but a very few months in the noisy capital. It was only on particular occasions that his sovereign applied to him for his advice, but he had always the satisfaction of seeing that it was followed. All the courtiers testified the highest respect for him; by all the good he was beloved, and from the soldiery he received the endearing appellation of father.

But he was still more happy in the circle of his family. It was, indeed, but small, for he was the father of only two daughters and one son. The former were the wives of virtuous men, and the latter, who had already attained the rank of colonel, had come by an advantageous marriage into the possession of considerable property, and an estate contiguous to that of his father, whose example he incessantly emulated, and not without success. Never was father more tenderly attached to his son; never did son treat his father with greater respect.

The young Count once added a whole wing to his mansion, and in this wing he constructed a very beautiful saloon. The walls of the latter required to be decorated with paintings, and for the subjects of them the Colonel selected the principal events of the glorious life of his father. These scenes, as he rightly judged, would far surpass the most costly tapestry that he could procure, and would be more honourable than the completest genealogy. To execute this idea, he employed the most celebrated painters in the country, and their labours were the more successful, because they were convinced that they were not exerting their talents merely for a pecuniary reward, but on a subject worthy of immortality.

On one side the Count was seen throwing a standard with his own hands into the midst of the enemy's cavalry, that by this truly Roman stratagem, he might animate the wavering ranks of his own troops to a new attack. In another place he was represented at the storming of a besieged town, forgetting that he was the general, sharing the dangers of the meanest soldiers, and inflaming their ardour by his example. In a third piece, he was seen rescuing his sovereign from the hands of a hostile corps by whom he had, while hunting, been surprised and taken prisoner. Another represented him in another battle, sinking wounded from his horse, and at the same moment pointing with his hand to the enemy, as if to say: "Push forward, and give yourselves no concern about me." Again he was seen assisting to sign the peace by which his exhausted country was again restored to peace and prosperity. Carefully as all ostentation was avoided, yet wherever the spectator turned his eye, he observed some glorious scene from the life of the heroic veteran.

This plan the Colonel kept a profound secret, and a few days after the saloon was finished, he gave a grand entertainment in it to a numerous company. It is scarcely possible to conceive the surprize of the old Count, at his entrance, when he beheld so many testimonies of his merits, and when the novelty of the thing itself, the congratulations of all the company, and a mixed emotion of modesty and delight quite overpowered him. It was some minutes before his feelings allowed him the power of utterance, when with a look of affection he thus addressed his son: "You did right to keep this intention of yours a secret from me, if you were bent on executing it; I should otherwise have prevented what now it is too late to hinder. To reprove you for it now would certainly be regarded a mere farce; and I therefore consider this series of paintings as a tribute of filial respect, not as food for my vanity. But—, but—" continued he, shaking his head with an equivocal smile.

"What do you mean to say, father?"

"That this painted biography partakes of all the errors of those which are written without the knowledge and consent of the heroes of them. Too often this or the other circumstance is omitted, and yet perhaps this very circumstance which is thus omitted is the principle trait of the whole. In this instance too—."

Here he paused, and as he uttered the last words, the air of paternal affection was changed into a half satirical smile. He was requested to finish what he was going to say, and concluded as follows: "In this instance, too, if the short compass of my life is to be thus represented, one very heroic action is wanting; an action so important in its result, that were it not for that, we should not perhaps this day be so cheerfully assembled, or at least not under the same circumstances as at present. Remind me, my son, of this subject to-morrow at tea; it would indeed be a pity were it to be lost."

The Marshal was again urged on all sides to favour the whole company with a relation of the anecdote, but he persisted with a smile in his refusal. Finding their intreaties unavailing, they sat down to table, and the preceding conversation was, or seemed to be soon forgotten.

The young Count Von B—— had, however, treasured up every syllable his father had uttered, and did not forget at the appointed time to remind him of his promise. "'Tis no more than I expected," replied the Field-marshal smiling, "and

it is but just that I should acquit myself of this debt, but let us first go into the saloon and be alone there for a few minutes." They accordingly went.

"You have concluded the series of pictures," said the veteran, "with that in which the monarch confers on me the order of knighthood, and the marshal's truncheon. This is a great violation of historical truth, for you have here combined in one moment events that were separated by an interval of fifteen years, and have blended the actions of two different princes performed under totally different circumstances. That, however, is not of much consequence.—But from the place which that picture occupies, would not every spectator suppose that the rank of Field-marshal had been conferred on me as a reward for some of the actions commemorated here, or for the whole of them together?"

*Young Count.* Most certainly.

*Old Count.* And yet nothing can be more erroneous; for the achievement, which obtained so high a reward, is totally omitted in this series.

*Young Count.* How so, father? Is it possible that from forgetfulness———.

*Old Count.* Not from forgetfulness, but from ignorance, which I excuse as readily as your present surprize. You were very young when I obtained this promotion. I never mentioned the circumstance either to you or to any other person, and I must first look round to see that we are quite alone.

*Young Count.* We are.

*Old Count.* Let us then go through this series of actions, as well as the rewards conferred for them! This lame arm is a consequence of that battle, in which with such boldness and success I threw our standard among the hostile squadrons. The left wing was already flying, and the right began to flinch. The latter now pressed onward, and the former rallied. I was then only major, and a major I remained. My general, one of the first that took his heels in order to preserve his precious life, received a considerable gratuity as a recompence for his conduct on that arduous day. In that battle when I fell wounded from my horse, I was taken prisoner; my wound was badly healed, I was forgotten in the exchange, and was at length ransomed from my own private property.

*Young Count.* How?

*Old Count.* (Proceeding, as though he had not heard his son's exclamation.) The scar on my forehead reminds me but too well, without any picture, of that fortress, which cost us almost a whole campaign, and which, at last, I may say it without vanity, was taken and preserved in consequence of my dispositions alone. I repeat, *preserved*, for I was obliged to dye my sword in the blood of several of my own soldiers, to restrain their disposition for murdering, plundering and burning. On my return, the Prince thanked me before the whole court, and the same day appointed the prime-minister's son, a boy of seventeen, to the post of governor of the newly conquered place. He most graciously offered me the next command under this stripling, and seemed astonished when I refused it. It was not without the greatest difficulty that I escaped being exiled or confined for life in a fortification, after that peace, which, notwithstanding my unlimited powers, I might perhaps have been in too great a hurry to conclude; for I forgot to insist on the cession of a tract containing more than twelve hundred acres, merely from the silly apprehension lest the war should continue another year, and cost us some millions more of money, and some thousands of human lives.

*Young Count.* By G—d, father, that was scandalous.

*Old Count.* Let me finish! The best is yet to come. You must have seen the snuff-box, which the rescue of my sovereign while hunting procured me. It was certainly rather rash of him to take such a diversion in an enemy's country, and that too at a time when every peasant might be considered as a foe or a spy. I had, however, my spies, and kept a body of men on whom I could depend in readiness. The enemy were obliged to relinquish their booty, and I was presented with that box, of the value of perhaps one hundred and fifty dollars, as an indemnification for the loss of a fine horse, worth at least a thousand. The chamberlain by the Prince's side, who manfully clapped his hand to his cutlass, but unfortunately never drew it, was appointed marshal of the court for his faithful services. It was supposed some tokens of discontent were perceived in me, and on that account I was likewise presented with this order, which put me to a great expence without producing the smallest advantage. You look grave, my son, more so than I wished. What will you do, when I tell you, that for fifteen years I remained just what I was?

*Young Count.* Fifteen years; but, perhaps, purposely, father; perhaps from self-denial?

*Old Count.* It would certainly sound well in me to assume the tone of a philosopher, practising the austerities of self-denial. But truth is superior to such a character, though perhaps truth may not sound so agreeably. It was not from my own fault (for love to my family made me eagerly desirous of promotion) that I remained unrewarded, but because there were always courtiers who, if not more worthy, were at least more fortunate; because the Prince whose life, liberty, and glory I had more than once preserved,

at length died, and his successor considered services previously rendered to the state, as already recompenced. Weary of hollow promises, of tedious expectation and disappointed hope, I was on the point of relinquishing the matter entirely and of retiring into the obscurity of a country life, when fortune afforded me an opportunity for an achievement, which immediately procured me promotion and realized all my wishes.

*Young Count.* And what was that achievement? I entreat you, my excellent father, to speak without reserve! What was it?

*Old Count.* (*Smiling*), O it might easily be painted too. A river of considerable breadth, some ladies shrieking and weeping on the bank, myself on horseback almost in the middle of the stream, and in my hands a dripping, half-drowned lap-dog. Not too many objects; are they, think you?

*Young Count.* How, father; are you serious? Can the saving of a lap-dog——.

*Old Count.* Yes, the saving of a lap-dog was the important achievement which procured me a richer recompence than all the blood I lost on so many different occasions; than a service of thirty years, often embittered by distress; than the exertions of so many days and the watching of so many nights. It would be easy for me to raise your astonishment still higher, were I to describe the dog itself, old, infirm, with only one eye, remarkable neither for form nor colour; or, were I to delineate its mistress, to expatiate on her intrinsic merit, her descent, which was the very reverse of noble. But no, a regular narrative is better than such a disjointed account: listen then to me! I was one morning taking a ride full of thought. The rank of a Field marshal had just then become vacant by the death of Von F——. There were many applicants for it; I was one, the oldest and the most experienced; but I foresaw that I should apply in vain; for the minister, Von K——, was at that time more uncontroled monarch of the state than the sovereign himself, and the Prince had often given the friends of the favourite the preference to his own. He was, to be sure, well enough disposed to me; I knew, however, that he expected flattery from every one that approached him; but I was much too proud to pay court to a man, who was trembling at the rod of the schoolmaster, at a time when I was confronting danger and death in the field of battle. The success of my application might easily be predicted even without any spirit of prophecy. I was riding, as I said, and lost in thought, when a carriage passed me; I looked up and perceived in it the mistress of the favourite, a creature who had raised herself from the situation of chambermaid to the possession of unbounded influence over her former master. She was indeed beautiful as the goddess of love, but with respect to the qualities of the heart and understanding, nature had been very sparing. She returned my salutation with an air of great negligence, and drove a few hundred paces farther to the Dutch farm-house, which, as you know, stands close to the river, where her carriage stopped. In order to avoid passing by them again, I was just going to turn my horse into a bridle-road to the left, when a most lamentable outcry assailed my ear. It proceeded from those ladies; I saw them running to and fro in great trepidation; and apprehensive lest some accident might have happened, I rode up to the spot, from a natural movement, as fast as I could. The mistress of his excellency, as soon as she perceived me coming, ran to meet me, with a countenance indicative of the utmost distress. "O, General!" cried she, long before I reached the spot, "help us I entreat you! My little favourite—yonder he is in the water; he cannot get out, we cannot go after him; he will be lost!"

Without farther reflection, or transferring this duty to the person to whom it properly belonged, I mean my servant, I spurred my horse into the river, caught the unfortunate favourite, who, had I been a moment later must inevitably have gone to the bottom, and restored him to his mistress. Such a scene now took place that it was difficult to suppress, I will not say a smile, but loud bursts of laughter. It is impossible for the tenderest mother to express more extravagant joy over her only son, whom she supposes among the slain and who returns unhurt to her embraces. Besides, the high-flown congratulations of the company, their emulation to caress the little favourite, and their fear lest he should wet their clothes; their exclamations, out-cries, and talking all together, produced a scene of confusion that was irresistibly ludicrous. Thinking that I had performed my part, I was going to take leave and ride away, when the overjoyed lady so urgently entreated me to favour them a little longer with my company, that I suffered myself to be persuaded, alighted and offered her my arm. "General," whispered she, taking hold of it, if I ever forget this service, or let it pass unrewarded; if the minister be not from this day your warmest friend; if your present application be not speedily successful; or if I ever suffer you to ask for any favour in vain, may the same accident which to-day happened to my lap-dog, befal me the next time I go abroad." I bowed, in token of obligation, but without making any reply; for to confess the truth, I was too proud to express much gratitude to such a woman; and yet too attentive to my own interest entirely to reject any advantage that threw itself in my way. At

any rate, I was fully resolved never to put her in mind again of the affair.

Next morning, however, the minister drew me to the corner of a window in the Prince's antichamber, and assured me, that the sovereign had lately mentioned me several times in the handsomest terms; that he had confirmed him in these favourable sentiments, and had the strongest hope that he should soon be able to congratulate me on the attainment of my wishes. He was right; for the same month I was promoted to the rank which I now hold. Had not my conscience attested that I had earned this elevation by many preceding actions, be assured that I should have refused it; but a survey of my past life, and a look at you, caused me to accept the proffered promotion. It is indeed possible that I may be mistaken in my conjectures; the whole may have been a mere coincidence of the circumstances. But yet, my son, I cannot help thinking that the poor dog deserved a place, and I shall at least wish that you may once have occasion to relate a similar story to your son.

## A DESCRIPTION OF POLAND,

### WITH RESPECT TO THE PERSONS, MANNERS, DRESS, &c. OF THE PEOPLE.

I AM in doubt, whether I should call the Poles a tall people, or not. That there are many above the common stature, is unquestionable; but I think the idea will be more fairly generalized by the assertion, that they are about the middle size. They are rarely corpulent. Their complexions are fair, often colourless, and generally with far less colour than the English. The eyes and hair are usually light, though there are many beautiful exceptions. It never struck me, that they possess any strongly marked peculiarity of feature. The general expression of the countenance is amiable, friendly, and interesting—the natural result of their general character.

There are no traces remaining of that bold and daring spirit, which so peculiarly characterised the rugged virtues of their Sarmatian ancestors. I by no means intend to say, that they are deficient in the ordinary and gentlemanly courage; but we no where discover those symptoms of strong thought which impels to intelligent activity and enterprize.

Their manners are singularly polite, open, and affable—no insolent pride, no disgusting *hauteur*; conscious of their rank, as is natural and inevitable; but they know how to descend with grace and dignified kindness.

I cannot give a more apt, or a more illustrious example, than the Prince Czartoryski His person is, perhaps, rather below the middle stature, but erect and well proportioned; his countenance, open and sanguine, invites to friendly intercourse; his forehead clear, open, and for a man who has passed the meridian of life, remarkably free from wrinkles; his nose is slightly aquiline; his eyes—dark, bright, and playful, indicative of a lively fancy—are well overshadowed with eyebrows slightly arched, raised, and moveable by the electric touches of thought; it is a face expressive of intelligence, with the total absence of all indications of laborious effort.—His manners are condescending, kind, and familiar, beyond all praise Every one feels at ease in his company; from his various and extensive knowledge, both of books and of men, he can adapt himself with facility to all persons and characters. Yet he has more real dignity than is often seen even in persons of the first rank. In truth, he cannot help being conscious that he loses nothing by a near inspection. His intellectual superiority screens him from the possibility of all contempt, as an effect of familiarity. The more intimately he is known, the more sincerely is he loved, the more certainly admired.—But the quality which imparts the great charm to his manners and convervation is, the real and manifest benignity of heart, which flows in every word, and prompts to every action. I have often heard him spoken of by different people, on occasions, and in situations, which totally precluded all sentiments of flattery or views of interest; and the genuine expressions of affection and esteem have been so distinctly marked on the countenances of the speakers, as to render it impossible to doubt the worthiness and true respectability of character in the object which had awakened them.

The person of the Count Zamoyski is tall and erect. His complexion clear, but colourless; light hair; a long nose; eyes light and large, with a countenance singularly open and benevolent—a very good face. He has evidently the appearance and manners of a gentleman; but, what is far higher praise, his excellence of heart shines through all his conduct. I have never seen a human being whose disposition is more essentially good and honourable. He delights to contemplate pictures of happiness and of perfection.

If he has followed a character, even in a play, with interest and admiration, it painfully wounds his sensibility, to find that character deviate from honour, and thus mar the virtuous reveries his fancy had been weaving. Nothing could give him a more deep regret than the thought that he had injured a single human being. These admirable qualities, I have before observed, are not likely to lie inert and useless.

I have spoken thus particularly of these two illustrious men, because I happened to know them best; without intending the slightest disrespect to many other noble Poles, whom I had the honour of seeing. Of others, indeed, the characters I should be enabled to give would be so general, as to be little flattering to themselves, and as little amusing to my readers.

My fair country-women will now be curious to know something about the ladies of Poland, and I proceed to gratify their curiosity. Whether I shall flatter their vanity quite so much as they could wish, I shall leave themselves to determine. I must assure them, at the outset, that I have high praises to bestow on foreigners; yet, on striking an equitable balance, I am free to acknowledge that the advantage is still their own.

In point of stature and general appearance, I have scarcely any remark to make which could discriminate the Polish ladies from the English. Their complexions are fair and clear, perhaps more generally colourless than those of English ladies. Rouge is almost universal, except among young girls. The quantity, as it may seem, is in some sort of proportion to the rank of the lady, and certainly increases with the age: for a woman advanced in years is rouged even to the eyes. Their teeth are commonly good: hair and eyes generally light, though with many exceptions. Their cast of features is extremely various; and I should be quite at a loss to select any which should be nationally characteristic. I shall therefore content myself with giving two or three examples; premising, however, a hint to English ladies, not to be too much in a hurry with their general conclusions respecting all Polish ladies, grounded on these select particulars.

The Countess Zamoyski.—This lady is tall and slender, with an elegance of form, which the loveliest of the graces might behold with envy. She is of that class of beauty, which in common language we call dark, as she has dark hair and dark eyes; yet her complexion is beautifully fair and clear; her nose and chin feminine, well and delicately shaped; her teeth white and regular; her mouth well formed, with sweetly pouting lips. She has that part of beauty in which ladies are most deficient—a fine, smooth, and open forehead, which loses nothing on being shown, and of which the lower part is graced with beautiful dark eye-brows, exhibiting the gently waving line, expressive of taste and feeling. If I may be permitted to notice any quality which may be thought to dim the lustre of this assemblage of beauties—it is, that her lovely eyes are not exactly in a line with each other; but the deviation is so trifling, as to be observed only in certain positions of the face; nor am I sensible that it detracts any thing from the general effect. It is as a spot upon the glorious face of the sun, which serves to augment by contrast his effulgent brightness. Her eye-lids, the edges finely curved, and adorned with dark eye-lashes, open and lift themselves with peculiar beauty; and when her eyes, in soft and lambent lustre, are cast heavenward, her soul rapt in pleasing contemplation, she then displays one of her most beautiful and interesting attitudes. In this attitude she has sat for her picture.

But the powerful magic of this lady's beauty proceeds from that sensibility which pervades and animates her lovely form. It is this which gives a natural ease, an inimitable grace, to all her movements, which art alone can never bestow: It is this which tunes her voice to soft, melodious accents—which inspires her with elevated sentiment, and the touch of sympathy.

When her soul is up—when her feelings are awake, and in search of objects to keep them in play, she will often go to her instrument; and the obedient strings, responsive to the electric kiss, will proudly rise in full and warbled harmony, or gently sink in dying sounds, which melt and pierce the soul.

But her qualifications end not with the ordinary female accomplishments. She has a high relish for the beauties of poetry, and a delicate taste in the productions of fine literature in general. Of this I had once a striking proof. She had been reading on a certain day in one of the volumes of La Harpe; and had been both informed and delighted. On joining the company in the saloon, her countenance was flushed with sentiment and interest, and she expressed her grateful acknowledgments to the writer who had given her pleasure so refined and exquisite. Such men (said she) I would load with honours while alive, and when dead, would erect statues to their memories. In such a soul, the enthusiast poet would wish to establish his splendid empire.

But I shall be reminded, I am afraid, that I am not now describing the heroine of a romance. I admit the justness of the imagined rebuke. But surely, it were an injury and a symptom of a morose and gloomy temper, to speak of beauty and excellence so consummate, in the dry and home-

spun terms of vulgar admiration. Why will not ladies be more extensively convinced, that it is by qualifications like these alone, by which they can hope to enchain the soul? Beauty is not beauty without sentiment, without intelligence, without expression. We may admire the delicacy of contour in a statue. But lines straight or waving, or curved or angular, constitute not a human being. We cannot sympathize with a statue; it is intelligent expression—the vital glow of feeling, whose pervasive radiance warms and illumines the magic circle, and weaves the deep spells of beauty's soft dominion. The Count Zamoyski is worthy of a spouse so amiable; and though they are both still young, five boys and a girl attest the happiness of their conjugal union.

Princess of Wirtemberg—sister of the preceding, and consort of the brother of the Prince of Wirtemberg, married to our Princess Royal. She is separated, however, from her husband, on account of treatment, which has obtained and (as report says) has merited the epithet of *brutal*. It is no dispraise to this lady to say that she yields to her lovely sister in personal charms. In feminine accomplishments, she is nothing inferior. To her honour be it said, that no one more affectionately loves her sister, or is more forward in generous admiration of her. Yet her own person has striking and peculiar beauties. She has the divinest full dark eyes which ever adorned the countenance of woman, perfectly placed, and surrounded by those clear and delicate shadings, which indicate feeling and genius. Her forehead is clear and open, and her fine dark eyebrows are the seat of unwonted expression. The lower part of her face is less perfect, considered as belonging to a woman; but there is not a feature which impresses us as disagreeable. I shall present the completest idea of this lady's face, and bestow on it, at the same time, no ordinary praise, by observing, that it is a striking, though perhaps a softened resemblance, of that of Mrs Siddons—a resemblance by which she is much flattered. The mental qualifications of this lady, in no wise disappoint the expectations which arise from the intelligence of her countenance. If the conversation has happened to turn on the important topics of the affairs of kingdoms, I have been astonished at the soundness of her observations, and the confident clearness with which they were uttered. In speaking of the fate of Poland, I once heard her remark, with an air of reproachful emphasis, "If we had had a *head* in Poland, the country might yet have been saved!" Perhaps her highness was not far from the truth.

Princess Constantine Czartoriska.—At the risk of exciting the envy of the English fair, I must not forget to speak the praises of this distinguished beauty. She is about the middle stature, her person well-formed, and rather full; but it is the plenitude of health and joyance; there is no approach to lustiness. She has a complexion beautifully fair; eyes and hair light, though not so light as to betray any sort of weakness. Her features are perfectly regular and beautiful; their expression sweet and natural—a healthful and a joyous beauty, abundant of love's choicest blessings.

In speaking generally of the Polish ladies, in point of manners and disposition, they appear in a very amiable and estimable light. To say of ladies of rank, that they are polished and accomplished, is no distinctive praise, as those qualifications may be taken for granted. But it is to their distinguished honour, that their manners are condescending, kind, and affable; and that their pride and ideas of rank are almost uniformly subdued by their singular amiability.

And here I shall take the liberty to make one remark, which people may call moralizing, if they please; it is, that pride never takes deep root but in cold constitutions. The warm, the generous, are too much occupied with their own feelings, and their affection for others, to attend to suggestions exclusively selfish. I trust, that the quality I would wish to stigmatize will not be confounded with the pride of elevated thoughts—a sense of personal dignity, and of station in society, justly entitled to be styled noble, and honourable to human character.

The tempers of the Polish ladies, though susceptible of great exhilaration, are gentle and affectionate—as if formed by nature

De parler d'amour
Pendent tout le jour.

Frank and unreserved, they are always free to converse; yet unlike the sparkling vivacity of the French women, who rather storm than invite attention, their manners solicit regard by inobtrusive allurements—by attractions more secret, not less powerful.

The national dress of a Polish gentleman consists of a vest or waistcoat with sleeves most commonly of pink, yellow, or blue silk, though the colour may vary with the taste of the wearer. Over this is worn a loose tunic of cloth, velvet, or silk, according to persons and times, which reaches a little below the knees, and is confined about the waist by a sash of silk. The sleeves are full, and slashed towards the shoulder, both behind and before; and the open places are lined with silk the same colour with the vest. The breeches or rather trowsers, are on ordinary occasions of cloth; at other times of silk, likewise of the same colour; and their extremities on the legs are

met and covered, like our pantaloons, by the tops of yellow Turkey-leather buskins. The tunic is open at the bosom to display the silk vest beneath, and edged throughout with fur, sometimes with ermine. The shirt collar should be open, or confined only by a single button. A neck handkerchief, however, is now usually added. Without door, a roundish cap of some gay coloured leather is worn, ornamented with fur. The head is shaved with the exception only of a circular patch of short hair, about three or four inches in diameter. Whiskers also, and a sabre, as a mark of nobility, are essential to complete the costume, but the latter is discontinued. When on horseback, the Polish noble has a sumptuous mantle thrown over his shoulders.

This dress is undoubtedly grand and picturesque, but more showy than useful. No dress can be founded on a just taste which does not join convenience to elegance. It is now very generally laid aside. The Poles have adopted the English fashions in this, and in some other particulars. But there is rarely any considerable party without the presence of several persons in the ancient national costume. These instances are almost always found among elderly men, and those too not of the first consequence. I do not recollect more than a single instance of a young person, in genteel company, thus habited. The old farmers retain the ancient custom; the young ones have abandoned it.

In winter the Poles formerly wore sables, the skins of tygers and leopards, &c. also velvets lined with wool and edged with fur. This practice is not wholly discontinued, but their ordinary cloths are now more commonly lined with wool, or rather with prepared sheep-skin; so that a Polish gentleman may walk or ride out apparently only in a sort of shooting jacket and boots, tho' the first would be lined with sheep-skin, and the last perhaps with wolf-skin, the hair turned towards the leg. The only apparent difference from the dress of an Englishman would consist in the furred or velvet cap, lined also with sheep-skin. If a person goes out during the severity of the frost without one of these caps, he is liable to a headache so tremendous as scarcely to be borne. The Poles speak of it with horror. I have been so imprudent more than once, to walk out only with an ordinary hat; and though I did not feel in consequence a headache of the violence described, I yet felt enough to be convinced that the warning which had been given me was not without reason. The gloves are also lined with fur.

During the summer the *redingote* is worn by most persons not of the first rank. This word is evidently borrowed from the English *riding-coat*. It is the common surtout, or upper-coat, and is worn without any other under it. Within door, it is the ordinary coat also in winter.

The chief peculiarity in the dress of the ladies is, in winter, a large silk pelisse, lined or rather padded with wool, and often edged with fur. This is used only when they go into the open air. In general, their dress differs little or nothing from that of English or French ladies.

## A TOUR IN ZEALAND IN THE YEAR 1802.

BY A NATIVE OF DENMARK.

I HAD contracted an intimacy with a young gentleman at Copenhagen, who came from Norway, to enter himself a student at our university; and we proposed, in the summer of 1802, to make an excursion into the country. We set off in the month of June, by the western gate, close without which a glorious monument stands on the high road, in commemoration of the emancipation of the peasants.

The road, on either side, leads to large, handsome, and even magnificent houses. At some little distance from the monument it branches into an avenue on the right, composed of six regular rows of lofty lime trees. These lead to Fredericksberg, over fertile and highly cultivated fields, many of which have latterly been metamorphosed into gardens, surrounding elegant and fanciful villas. Thus, this delightful avenue assumes an appearance which, encouraged, will rival in taste and natural beauties, the first cities of the world.

As soon as the gates are opened on Sunday afternoon (they are always shut during divine service), immense crowds flock along this road. The avenue fills with company, who ramble to the Royal Gardens, or the village, where the ear is entertained with music from every quarter. Mirth and festivity are universal, and good order pervades the whole.

We entered the gardens, and passed some agreeable hours in viewing the different improvements. They are not, however, equally deserving commendation, particularly the canal and waterfall; but the grotto, which embowers the spring, and the singularly beautiful serpentine walks which conduct you, as it were, through irregular

paths of uncultivated nature, deserve particular notice.

The palace stands on a beautiful eminence, and forms a *coup d'œil* particularly attractive. Lime trees, in romantic groups, range along the declivity on the side facing the gardens, through the middle of which a rich lawn has been levelled down the slope.

The prospects from this hill are every way pleasing, but not equally striking. If the eye wanders in vain for mountains, cataracts, precipices, or cascades, the heart, at least, is gratified; it contemplates a country made fertile by the cheerful labours of an industrious peasantry.

The prospect from that side of the palace which faces Copenhagen, is most interesting.

To the left lies an avenue leading to Fredericksberg, overtopping a multitude of well contrasted houses and gardens, which extend and vanish amidst the larger edifices of the western suburb. The monument appears in the perspective.

To the right, an arm of the Baltic divides Zealand from the island of Amack, where innumerable flocks are seen to graze, giving you at once a clear idea of the industry and wealth of its inhabitants.

In the centre, Copenhagen presents itself with a degree of splendour and grandeur difficult to be described. Its numerous towers, one of which is 380 feet high, majestically rear their heads above lofty buildings raised upon the ashes of that part of the city which was destroyed in 1795, which are calculated to impress the traveller with ideas of its present magnificence equal to those of former times, when the gorgeous palace of Christiansborg, and the ancient church of Saint Nicholas enriched the scene; with this essential difference, however, that formerly the attraction lay in its exterior, now it is transferred to the interior; and although the massy piles of ruins may seem to derogate from its importance, the deficiency is amply supplied by its internal beauties.

The view is enlivened by innumerable vessels passing to and from the Baltic, which lose themselves behind Copenhagen, re-appear, and glide down the Sound, between the shores of Zealand and those of Sweden; which, as well as the isle of Hveen, are visible from this hill.

The palace is not large, but it is handsome; and its delightful situation, and vicinity to the city, render it a most eligible retreat for the Prince Royal. Here, in the bosom of his family, this amiable prince reposes from the fatigues of an unremitted attention to the duties of his exalted station; while the dexterity with which he steers his bark along the dangerous shoal of politics claims the admiration of the world.

The steady adherence to his word which attends all this prince's actions has established his character, both as a ruler and a man, with every judicious and impartial foreigner; but with his own countrymen it has given birth to sentiments of confidence and attachment; which, co-operating with his exertions, bid fair to preserve a country whose real happiness lies in its own lap.

The Prince married Maria, daughter of Prince Charles, Stadtholder of Holstein. Several children were the fruit of their union, of whom the Princess Carolina is the only survivor. She is about ten years old, but excluded from inheriting the crown by the laws of Denmark, which confine the succession to heirs male.

Just as we were about to leave the gardens, the Prince Royal and his consort entered them, privately, to enjoy an evening's walk free from form. The interesting sight detained us some time longer, when we pursued our way towards Roeskilde Inn, eight miles distant from the metropolis. Here we sojourned for the night, and set off again at sun-rise.

Those who are acquainted with the state of this country twenty or thirty years ago, must exult at the change time has made for the better; and to those who are not, it may perhaps be interesting to know how changes so beneficial could have been produced in so short a period.

Formerly, when you met a peasant driving his waggon to market, the appearance of himself and every thing about him gave you an idea of forced obedience. Instead of alacrity, you saw sullenness on his brow; instead of the cheerful husbandman whistling with the fruits of his labour to market, you beheld a slave toiling for a merciless master. Encouraged by no one, but oppressed by many, he dragged his unwilling steps slowly along, reluctantly yielding to the strong necessity which robbed him of his best produce, to satisfy the unfeeling claims of those whose only merit was the accidental superiority of their birth; so that the fruit of his diligence was certain ruin. If he dared to remonstrate he was chastised; if his lands did not thrive he was called lazy, and turned out of the farm by the lord of the manor. If industrious, and his lands improved, he was dismissed by the lady, who always found out some deserving favourite to reap the rewards of this poor man's industry. His old age was uncheered by the fruits of those trees he had planted in his youth; and his death-bed unconsoled by the comforts he might otherwise have left his children.

Such, and numberless other abuses, at length rendered the peasant supine, spiritless, and unfit for enterprise. The gloom extended to every thing around him; the houses, land, cattle, all were tinctured with his wretchedness.

When I therefore reflect on his miserable lot,

I cannot sufficiently respect and admire those proprietors of lands whose philanthropy was roused in his behalf.—Vassalage was abolished; the lands were parcelled out in lots, upon which farm-houses were erected, and those peasants only remained in the village whose lands were contiguous. This arrangement made the peasant his own master. He could now act according to his own judgment; he had merely his own benefit to consult, not that of others.

While indulging these reflections, cheered by the smiling fertility of the surrounding country, we imperceptibly reached the valley in which Roeskilde, the most ancient town of Zealand, is situated. As it has been constantly on the decline, nothing particular can be said in its favour, except what its pleasant situation claims. It is built on a branch of the Jisefiord, the banks of which form a very striking contrast. To the left are vast forests of oak, through which, at intervals, various spires and steeples steal upon the view, and to the right lie innumerable corn fields, interspersed with insulated farms.

We entered the town, and put up at the sign of the Prince, where a cheerful looking landlady welcomed us with much good humour. Having rested a little, we walked out to view the town, and particularly the cathedral, which contains the remains of all our royal family for ages past. The building, though very extensive, has been increased by a mausoleum for the reception of future kings.

We beheld the resting place of Christian IV. a king who held the balance of justice in equal scales, and who consulted in all things the good of his subjects; happy in an honourable peace, but provoked by injuries, the first to meet danger in maintaining the rights of his people. His virtues have procured him the surname of Great.

Having seen every thing worthy our attention, we returned to our good humoured hostess, who confirmed the favourable opinion we had previously formed of her. We were well served, charged reasonably, and left the inn highly pleased with our entertainment.

We now directed our route towards Hilleroed, a market town, famous for a castle called Fredericksborg. After having proceeded a considerable way, it occurred to me that we might, by taking the circuitous route through Horn's Herred, have surveyed Jaegerspriis, a country seat belonging to Prince Frederick. The Prince has erected monuments in his gardens to those great men who have, in their different capacities, signalized themselves for the good and glory of their country. From that place we would have re-crossed the branch of the Jisefiord, and come to Fredericksvaerk, an extensive cannon foundry, established by the late General Classen. But, as my friend seemed little disposed to undertake that journey, we pursued the plan we originally set out with.

The numerous spires of the castle of Fredericksborg now appeared in the horizon, and we mounted an eminence whence we beheld the gothic castle floating, as it were, in the lake below. The town of Hilleroed, which is small and inconsiderable, occupies one side of the banks, and presents a very picturesque scene. There are gardens to all the houses, which slope down to the water's edge; while the other side displays corn fields in high cultivation, mingled with avenues, and closed by woods that confine the view to a very limited compass.

It being the hour for divine service, I proposed that we should go to church, and afterwards return to the castle. The church is a very neat building, and its interior presents a singular spectacle, the walls being lined with a vast number of the escutcheons of our nobility.—"Pray, gentlemen," civilly asked a man who concluded we were strangers, "do you wish to see our Saviour?" We thanked him, and said, "Yes." He conducted us to a heavy mass of silver, modelled in the form of Christ. "There were," continued the man "his twelve apostles, but they are gone away. When Charles IX. of Sweden, possessed himself of great part of the island, including the castle, he carried them off, saying to our Saviour, *You may stay, but your disciples shall go into the world for the benefit of mankind.*"

From church we went to view the interior of the castle, which, however presented nothing to engage our attention, excepting the peasant maid who shewed us the apartments. Her singular dress and manners visibly interested my friend; nor was I less pleased with the fascinating simplicity of her whole appearance, so superior to the imitations of our dashing *belles*, who at times borrow the rustic garb, without being able to complete the metamorphosis, by assuming the rustic's peculiar graces. Her petticoat was of green taffeta; a pale pink silk corset, made to her shape, displayed all the symmetry of her fine form; while a silken cap, entwined with threads of gold, sat close to her face, just permitting her features to peep forth, and express a countenance which the fancy of no painter could equal. My friend asked her a very natural question; she cast down her fine blue eyes, and with a sigh answered, she had now no friend; "he fell," said she, "last year in the battle, yet I grieve not so much for myself; he died for his country, it was a noble end,—but he might have become a firm supporter of my aged parents, if distress should ever bow them down." We noticed to her, that she had as just a claim as others to benefit by the general subscription. Her reply won my

heart:—"There are widows, orphans, and wounded enough," answered this lovely daughter of simplicity, "to share the just reward of their grateful country; my parents will soon leave this world, and honesty with industry will help me through it." Had I been a painter, the portrait of this affecting girl should have graced this page!

Having passed two very pleasant days at Hilleroed, we proceeded to Fredensborg, taking the road which winds along the remains of the beautiful oak wood, whose foliage once hid the village of Groenholt. On entering this village, we observed a stork's nest on the church, which we found engrossed the interest of the whole village. There were two birds, and the rustics carefully provided them materials to build with, and guarded them from the wanton pranks of the mischievous. One of them flew over our heads with food for its mate, which was perched upon the back of the church tending her young brood.

The bell now struck eight, and we had a long road before us; but the evening being extremely fine, and my friend making the proposal, we determined on seeking a supper in one of the cottages. We entered beneath a neat looking roof, and having made our wishes known to a clean tidy looking woman, she gave us a hearty welcome. Every thing we saw displayed the attentive housewife, and increased our good-will for our hostess. On an oaken table she spread a clean cloth, and served up supper, consisting of a dish of sour milk strewed with grated rye-bread and powdered sugar, bread, fresh butter, and some new-laid eggs. Appetite seasoned this simple repast.

While we sat at supper, a hale, hearty man entered the room, whom we found to be our host; and shortly after a grey headed old man joined us, he was the father of our hostess, and had been, many years since, a soldier. The veteran placed himself in a large wicker chair. Cheerfulness sat on his brow, and his old age was a perfect picture of content. He began a lively conversation, related anecdotes of the service, and dwelt with peculiar delight on the new regulations, which do away the old established custom of enlisting Germans for our army.

It was near eleven when we broke up and asked for the reckoning; but our good host could not be prevailed upon to receive any remuneration. We left the cottage highly impressed with his hospitality, and proceeded to Fredensborg, which we reached about twelve o'clock. The distance was scarcely two miles, but the night being uncommonly fine, and having, in our island, no apprehension of robbers, we indulged the scene at our leisure.

Fredensborg, situated on the lake of Esrom, which is one of the largest in the island, forms a very considerable village. It is surrounded by woods, and from its exquisite situation has been adorned with a royal palace, which, though at present uninhabited, ranks with the more elegant order of buildings.

We next crossed the country towards Elsinore, which we reached at sun-set. It is impossible to comprehend the beauties of this prospect on a fine summer's day without having seen it. We ascended a rising hillock, to delight our eyes with the charming scenery around. The town lies immediately beneath, and a little beyond it the ancient castle of Cronborg. The Sound presented itself, covered with an immense number of shipping, and the shores of Sweden displayed the town of Helsingborg, which afforded us a most brilliant spectacle, the sun reverberating his rays on the windows, by which the houses assumed the appearance of one continued blaze. To this magnificent view, the clearness of the calm evening very materially contributed, the objects approaching nearer in semblance than in reality.

At this moment the bells of Cronborg chimed nine. The flag of the guard ship was hauled down, and a solitary shot bade farewell to the setting sun. We left our post and walked on towards the town.

Elsinore is the second town in our island, and if the spectator were to calculate on the activity and bustle visible in every corner of it, he would estimate its number of inhabitants at many thousands. The fact however is, they scarcely exceed five.

It needs little penetration to discover to whom this town chiefly owes its prosperity; for, if the flag on the castle did not inform you it was Denmark, you would fancy yourself in England. This resemblance of exterior is verified with still greater exactness in the interior. Many of the inhabitants are Britons born, they naturally retain the manners and customs of their country; and those who are not, take peculiar delight in wishing to appear like Englishmen. In the summer season the liveliness and cheerfulness of this town, comparatively, far surpasses Copenhagen; but during the winter Elsinore puts on a very sombre garb, the navigation being shut up for four or five months. Yet the inhabitants are not at a loss to amuse themselves, they form clubs, give balls, and contrive to kill time. There is no regular theatre; now and then a Swedish company of itinerant players make a halt, as do the Germans, who torture us incessantly with miserable fragments of the dramatic art; but latterly, Mr. Schwartz, of the Theatre Royal at Copenhagen, has obtained a licence to perform plays in Zealand generally, and we have every thing to hope from the abilities of an actor who has long deservedly claimed the approbation of the metropolis,

In order to form a clear idea of the business transacted at Elsinore, you must repair to the bridge, which is constantly filled with merchants, clerks, and boatmen, on the look-out for every new arrival. The alacrity prevalent here is wonderful. The moment a vessel is discernible the boatmen put off, contending with each other who shall first reach the ship; but they often labour in vain, when the captain chuses to go ashore in his own boat. On his arrival at the bridge there is as much contention among the merchants to welcome him, and to entreat the management of his affairs, should he not be recommended to any particular house.

It was very much our wish to have taken a survey of Cronborg; but the late orders were so strict that it was impossible to get access to the castle. We were therefore obliged to content ourselves with admiring its noble gothic turrets, towering above the fortifications. A traveller, who visited this fort in 1793, informs us, he found the sentry boxes lying upon the ground, and the soldiers asleep in them; at the same time he observes, that he could easily take it with two sail of the line and five hundred determined men; but I will venture to aver, that the outside of the fortification is so formidable that the gentleman who made this assertion would now be as little able to take the fort as we are to prevent a fleet from passing the Sound; the breadth of which, as measured at the instance of the Royal Society of Sciences at Copenhagen, in the year 1796, is about four miles. That ships may pass without the least injury from the fort was fully proved in 1801, when none of the British, except the headmost, returned the fire.

The palace of Marienlyst, belonging to the Prince Royal, but never occupied by him, stands in the suburbs. It is built on a steep hill, intersected with winding roads which reach the summit, and are neatly laid out in terraces; on one we took our seat.

As it is usual in times of peace for English ships to pass singly, or in small divisions, we could not expect to be gratified with a repetition of the magnificent spectacle of four or five hundred vessels going through the Sound at the same moment, however, we indulged the picture in miniature; fortunately, about thirty sail from the North Sea were then coming in sight. We soon distinguished a ship of war among them, which particularly drew our attention, as we knew she could not be English. With the help of a spy-glass I discovered her to be the Naiad of thirty-six guns, from her peculiar construction. This frigate was the first ship built, in 1796, on the plan of the ingenious Captain Hohlenberg, who may very deservedly be called the restorer of our navy. Her stern, in particular, differs from all others, having neither cabin windows nor quarter galleries. There are merely two port holes abaft, glazed, to admit light. Ships of war should be planned for utility, not for the accommodation of large parties.

[*To be continued.*] p.196.

# FAMILIAR LECTURES ON USEFUL SCIENCES.

## ADJUDICATION OF PRIZES,

WITH A PROPOSED NEW QUESTION BY

*THE IMPERIAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES AT ST. PETERSBURGH.*

The Imperial Academy of Sciences had, in their last public notice, proposed the prize of five hundred roubles, to be given to any professor of physic, who would establish and communicate to the academy, "a series of new and instructive experiments, on light considered as matter, also on the properties which may in part be attributed to it, on the affinities which it may appear to have, either to organized, or unorganized bodies, and upon the modification and phenomena of these substances by their combination with the matter of light." The academy had declared, at the same time, that in order not to confine the learned, who might have similar pursuits, that they contented themselves with stating the subject generally, leaving them at liberty to consider the question in any point of view, that might appear the best calculated to elucidate the access to a question so difficult.

The academy has received, within the prescribed time, six tracts on the question, each having a note sealed and a motto, viz.

No. 1. In the Russian language, with the motto "*A philosopher who has learned to doubt, knows more than all the learned, &c.*"

No. 2. In the Russian language, "*Time is the earliest thing in nature, &c.*"

No. 3. In Latin, "*Est-ne color proprius rerum, lucisne repulsus eludunt aciem ?*"

No. 4. In French, "*Nox abiit nec tamen orta dies !*"

No. 5. In German, "*Ut noscas splendore novo res semper egere, et primum jactum, &c.*"

No. 6. In German, "*La physique ne sera veritablement une science, que lorsque tous les effets naturels se deduiront clairement d'un seul et meme principe evidement démontrè.*"

The three first tracts, No. 1, 2, 3, beside the common fault of wanting new experiments, a complete and instructive series of which was required by the academical notice, contained hypothesis and propositions, either well known, erroneous, or ill expressed, and advanced without demonstration. For these reasons, the academy did not think these tracts could aspire to the prize.

The tract No. 4, is not without merit, the author enters, upon several interesting questions concerning the nature of light, in a manner that readily convinces us he is not a stranger to the subject; but the deficiency of connexion and of systematic arrangement which is perceived in the tract, and above all the absolute want of new experiments, which might lead to new results, or serve as a support to a number of hypothesis advanced by the author, and destitute of every species of demonstration, would not permit the academy to adjudge the prize to this memoir even had there been none of greater merit.

As to the last pieces, No. 5 and 6, the academy has found them worthy of particular attention. From the report of the committee appointed to declare the best qualified performance.

These essays (No. 5 and 6), are agreeable to the principal condition stated in the notice, inasmuch as they contain a great number of new experiments on the effects and properties of light, and a judicious application of those, which though already known, were repeated whenever they appeared to the author doubtful. Both pieces are executed upon a plan wisely conceived, expressed with clearness, and arranged in a sufficiently systematic order. On the other hand, in each were found some incoherent and contradictory conclusions, as also propositions hazarded without sufficient proof, besides some errors, and obsure passages. But as these imperfections were overbalanced by researches of great merit, the academy without acceding to every assertion of the authors, have nevertheless thought it their duty to divide the prize between the authors of Nos. 5 and 6, thinking them worthy of encouragement and honourable reward.

On opening two of the sealed notes, Doctor Henry Frederick Link, professor of physic at the university of Rostock, was found to be the author of No. 5; and Mr. Placidus Heinrich, professor of physic and mathematics, to the Abbey de St. Emerau, at Ratisbon, the author of No. 6. The notes of the remaining tracts were burnt without being opened.

When the academy had made public the notice, in which the marine department proposed a prize on the question concerning the resistance of fluids; they had engaged to publish also the judgment which that department, in conjunction with the academy, should make on the memoirs presented conformably to this engagement, the academy announce, by the present, the receipt of these memoirs, viz.

No. 1. With the motto, "*Sit modus lasso maris et viarum militiaeque.*"

No. 2. "*Praestat natura vosce doceri, quam ingenio suo sapere.*"

No. 3. "*England and France agree.*"

(The last of which came after the time), none were found to satisfy all the conditions of the problems; but as the tract No. 2, exhibits a new theory, which though not established on grounds sufficiently solid, nor applied to naval architecture, in the manner the notice required, yet is preferable, in some measure, to the theories of Vome and of Don George Juan; agrees better wi h experiments than the common theories, and deserves therefore to be noticed advantageously; the marine department to recompence the author for his trouble and laudable efforts, have decreed to him the prize of one hundred Dutch ducats, and the academy have given their sanction to this decision; the opening of the sealed note, discovered the author in the person of Mr. Zacarie Nordmark, professor of mathematics in the university of Upsal.

In publishing these judgments, and distribution of prizes for the year 1806, the academy proposes the following question for the present year, 1807:

Chymistry teaches us the means of discovering the noxious qualities of mineral bodies, whereas it is only by empiricism, that we have learned to distinguish venomous plants from those that are not so; even the characteristics, by which we think ourselves enabled to determine of the presence or absence of venom in vegetables, are not always sufficiently certain and incontestable.

The livid colour, for example, which has rendered many plants suspected, is a deceiving sign. The bur (*Arctium Lappa*), looks dull, and is of a pale colour, yet is a wholesome plant; on the contrary, the laurel (*Daphne*), is remarkable for the beauty of its flowers and leaves, yet

this is venomous. The families of ranunculus and anemone are as beautiful as they are numerous, they are, however, for the greater part noxious.

The same may be said of the disagreeable smell of plants, which is taken for a diagnostick of the poisonous quality, and which sign is equally uncertain with the preceding.

The colour of the laurel is very agreeable, while the orache, (*chenopodium vulvaria*), an innocent and even salutary plant, is of a very disagreeable smell; the odour of the coriander is disagreeable to many persons, yet of a very salutary nature.

The umbellifluous plants, which grow in damp and inundated situations, have the reputation of being poisonous; notwithstanding this, the sium (*le berle*), and all its species, the *sison inundatum et salsum*, the *phellandrium aquaticum*, the *angelica sylvestris*, the *aegopodium podagraria*, plants which thrive in marshes, contain no poison. It is plain, therefore, that neither the pale colour, disagreeable smell, or growth in marshy places, can furnish us with certain and indisputable signs of the presence of venom in plants.

The pretended repugnance of animals to pernicious plants, is evidently as little infallible; the division of plants made by botanists into classes, orders, and families, according to their nature, is not more efficient in recognizing those that are venomous; to be convinced of this we have only to observe, that among the principal genus of the night shade, so suspected, is found the potatoe, (*colanum tuberasum*), and also capsicum, (*le piment des jardins*) which has the virtue of exciting and destroying the pernicious principle in the narcotic plants.

In consequence of this want of an exterior and natural certain sign, by which venomous plants might be immediately detected, it would be desirable to find out some easy method of examining them; such for instance as an *eudiometre*, or thing that might produce changes in them, which (like the black colour assumed by mushrooms when they are boiling), might indicate their noxious qualities, though the criterion of venomous mushrooms is not yet sufficiently established.

An easy method is therefore required by which any individual, not having the least knowledge of botany, may detect venomous plants in a short time, at a small expence, and manner perfectly decisive.

The prize is one hundred Dutch ducats, and the precise time, after which no memoir can be admitted to the competition, is the 1st of July, 1808.

The academy invites the learned of all nations, without excluding its honorary members and correspondents, to investigate this matter; there are none but those academicians who are called to exercise the functions of judges, who it is thought ought to be excluded.

The learned who contend for the prize are not to put their names to their works, but merely a sentence, or motto, with sealed notes added to them, which will have the same motto outside, and the author's name, quality, and place of residence inside. The note of the piece which is determined to the prize shall be opened, and the rest shall be burnt unopened.

The tracts should be written in legible characters, either in Russian, French, English, German, or Latin, and must be addressed to the permanent secretary of the academy, who shall deliver to the person appointed by the author, a receipt marked with the same number and motto which was inscribed on the piece.

The successful memoir is to be the property of the academy; and, without whose formal permission, the author shall not print it.

The rest of the tracts may be received back from the secretary, who will deliver them at St. Petersburgh to any person commissioned by the author to apply for them.

# *POETRY,*

## ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

### ODE TO LUDLOW CASTLE.

PROUD pile that rear'st thy hoary head,
In ruin vast, in silence dread,
O'er Teme's luxuriant vale,
Thy moss-grown halls, thy precincts drear,
To musing Fancy's pensive ear
Unfold a varied tale.

When terror stalk'd the prostrate land
With savage Cambria's ruthless band,
Beneath thy frowning shade,
Mixed with the grazers of the plain,
The plundered, helpless peasant train,
In secret ward were laid.

From yon high tower the archer drew
With steady hand the stubborn yew,
While fierce in martial state,
The mailed host in long array,
With crested helms and banners gay,
Burst from the thundering gate.

In happier times, how brightly blazed
The hearth with ponderous billets raised,
How rung the vaulted halls,
When smoaked the feast, when care was drown'd,
When songs and social glee went round,
Where now the ivy crawls.

'Tis past! the marcher's princely court,
The strength of war, the gay resort,
In mouldering silence sleeps;
And o'er the solitary scene,
While Nature hangs her garlands green,
Neglected Memory weeps.

The Muse too weeps:—in hallowed hour
Here sacred Milton own'd her pow'r,
And woke to nobler song;
The wizard's baffled wiles essayed,
Here first the pure majestic maid
Subdued the enraptured throng.

But see! beneath yon shattered roof
What mouldy cavern, sun-beam proof,
With mouth infectious yawns?
O! sight of dread! O! ruthless doom!
On that deep dungeon's solid gloom
Nor hope nor daylight dawns.

Yet there, at midnight's sleepless hour,
While boisterous revels shook the tower,
Bedewed with damps forlorn,
The warrior captive pressed the stones,
And lonely breathed unheeded moans,
Despairing of the morn.

That too is past—unsparing Time,
Stern miner of the tower sublime,
Its night of ages broke,
Freedom and peace with radiant smile
Now carol o'er the dungeon vile
That cumb'rous ruins choak.

Proud relic of the mighty dead!
Be mine with shuddering awe to tread
Thy roofless, weedy hall,
And mark, with Fancy's kindling eye,
The steel clad ages gliding by
Thy feudal pomp recall.

Peace to thy stern heroic age!
No stroke of wild unhallowed rage
Assail thy tottering form!
We love, when smiles returning day,
In cloudy distance to survey
The remnant of the storm.

## THE MARINER's DREAM.

In slumbers of midnight, the sailor boy lay,
His hammock swang loose at the sport of the wind,
But watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

He dreamt of his house, of his dear native bowers,
And pleasure that waited on life's merry morn,
While Memory stood sideways, half covered with flowers,
And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn.

Then Fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
And bade the young dreamer in ecstacy rise;
Now far, far behind him the green waters glide,
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

The jessamine clambers in flower o'er the thatch,
And the swallow sings sweet from her nest in the wall;
All trembling with transport, he raises the latch,
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight:
His cheek is impearled with a mother's warm tear;
And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast,
Joy quickens his pulse—all his hardships seem o'er,
And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest—
"Oh God! thou hast blest me, I ask for no more."

Ah! whence is that flame which now bursts on his eye?
Ah! what is that sound which now larums his ear?
'Tis the lightning's red glare, painting hell on the sky!
'Tis the crashing of thunders, the groan of the sphere!

He springs from his hammock—he flies to the deck;
Amazement confronts him with images dire,—
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck,
The masts fly in splinters,—the shrouds are on fire!

Like mountains the billows tremendously swell,
In vain the lost wretch calls on mercy to save;
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
And the death angel flaps his broad wings o'er the wave?

Oh sailor boy! woe to thy dream of delight!
In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss,
Where now is the picture that Fancy touch'd bright,
Thy parents' fond pressure, and love's honey'd kiss?

Oh sailor boy! sailor boy! never again
Shall home, love, or kindred, thy wishes repay;
Unbless'd and unhonoured, down deep in the main
Full many a score fathom, thy frame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,
Or redeem form or frame from the merciless surge,
But the white foam of wave shall thy winding sheet be,
And winds, in the midnight of winter, thy dirge!

On beds of green sea-flower thy limbs shall be laid,
Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow;
Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,
And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years and ages shall circle away,
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll;
Earth loses thy pattern for ever and aye—
Oh sailor boy! sailor boy! peace to thy soul!

## LINES,

### WRITTEN IN A CHURCH-YARD.

WHEN Nature starts from Winter's sleep,
And hails the dawn of genial spring,
The breezy fragrance wakes old age,
And tunes life's haste discordant string.
The dappled, jocund morn presents,
In op'ning youth, th' exulting sight;
Whilst growing day expands the view,
In full-blown blooming manhood's height.

As Spring to Summer's ray recedes,
Summer to Autumn's mellowing gleam;
So thus is youth ingulph'd in age,
And backwards seems a baseless dream.
For now no more the fragrant breeze
Can life, or health, to these impart;
To me 'tis momentary ease,
Yet, ah! it fails to heal the heart.

DORA.

## ADDRESS

### TO THE GUARDIAN SPIRITS OF RURAL RETIREMENT.

YE Spirits, who make these lov'd shades your delight,
Ye who hover around when the white bosom'd spring,
Advances, enrob'd in a mantle of light,
And distils rosy health from her dew dropping wing.

Oh lead me, sweet Sylphs! by your magical spells,
To wander your heaths and your mountains along,
Guide my feet where the rill murmurs flow thro' your dells,
And breathe on my ear your wild musical song.

Ah! these are the scenes where your presence I own,
Thro' the rock-skirted valley your footsteps I hail,
Down the pine-cover'd walk, musing pensive, alone,
I list to the sound of your wings on the gale.

Oh, deck these lov'd scenes with your choicest of flowers,
And teach the clear stream o'er its current to mourn;
Bid the songsters of nature enliven these bowers,
And each moss-covered rock their sweet echoes return.

When the sun streaks the west with his red spangled beams,
Or paints the grey morn with his pencil of gold,
When the planet of night thro' the dim valley gleams,
And the gems of the sky their bright bosoms unfold.

When the dew drops hang trembling and nature is mute,
Save the beetle's dull horn, or the plaint of the rills;
Or when to night's ear Pity's soul-soothing lute,
Steals in pauses melodious along the blue hills.

When Spring's jocund season of youth and delight,
When Summer's warm Suns, or when Autumn's bower
Are lost in the chaos of Winter and Night,
And the seasons of love and enjoyment are o'er;——

Still, still, oh ye Sylphs, in bright visions attend,
And hover around me when musing I stray;
And when the dark tempests of life o'er me bend,
Pour the radiance of Hope o'er my care-clouded way.

Then, calm as the Sun, when the storms cease to rage,
Reposes his beams on the ocean's clear breast,
When the fervour of youth is extinguish'd in age,
Bear me safe on your wings to a mansion of rest.

D. P. E.

## TO A FRIEND,

*By an Officer under sentence of Death, for absenting himself from his Regiment.*

Start not, my friend, to trace the well-known hand,
Nor feel your cheek the crimson dye of shame;
Still am I worthy of that sacred tye,
Tho' branded with a base deserter's name.

Can you forget our vows of early youth?
Ah, no! I know your generous soul too well;
Say, will you brave my dungeon's horrid gloom,
To bid me then one long, one last farewell?

Come, then, the test of love and friendship prove,
Justice demands, with stern relentless pow'r,
This feeble frame must for my crime atone;
Oh! kindly soothe me in the parting hour.

When the deep bell shall warn me it is near,
And my breast heave in a convulsive sigh,
Support my fortitude, and cheer my soul,
Bid me remember I should nobly die!

'Tis not the thought of death or silent grave,
Religion bids me all those fears controul;
'Tis scorn and infamy, alas! I dread;
'Tis these that thus distract my sinking soul.

The proud contempt that marks each soldier's eye,
The muffled drum and th' ignoble bier;
Those who once lov'd me too, shall view this scene,
And o'er my fate not one will shed a tear!

And when no more my name perhaps may live,
A mark'd example to the worst of men;
Some gen'rous few may sigh to hear the tale,
The good shall pity—while the bad condemn.

## ON THE DEATH OF A PEWET.

'Twas in the dead of sable night,
Couch'd 'neath an evergreen;
Nought but the twinkling starry light,
Or glow-worm could be seen.

A cloud had cas'd the pallid moon,
Increasing mist around;
No music save the screech owl's tune,
A melancholy sound.

And mewing nightly wandering cats,
A thieving murd'rous race,
Whose unharmonious debates
Resound in every place.

No murm'ring of the gentle wind,
Or clearish glassy rill;
The peasantry in sleep confin'd,
Fair nature hush'd and still.

A hapless bird in sweet repose,
(Apparently secure,)
Had crept beneath the spreading boughs
To 'scape the chilling air.

In nature's handsome plumage dress'd,
Like rainbow's varied hues;
A proudly waving topknot crest,
It strutted to amuse.

Destroyer of the reptile class,
Most hurtful to the soil;
Nor could devouring insects pass,
They prov'd his welcome spoil.

When sallying forth at midnight gloom,
A wand'ring cat espies;
Poor helpless bird—thy dreadful doom,
Heart rending shrieks, and cries.

Vain are those struggles, vain those cries,
The bloody deed is done;
In agony poor Pewet dies,
The cat is fled, and gone.

Amusing, inoffensive bird,
No more I'll see thee strut;
No more thy simple note is heard,
Stopt by the murd'ring cat.

Thus innocence is early ta'en,
While guilty victims 'scape;
Who, reptile like, the country drain,
Tho' in another shape.

Excuse the soft and pitied tear,
The deep and mournful sighs;
I'll now attend his parting bier,
And often where he lies.

## LINES TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH A PRESENT OF A SMELLING BOTTLE.

Whilst thousands round to Folly's temples pour,
And grasp the trifles of the passing hour,
Swim with the stream, nor seek to stem the tide;
Fashion their God, frivolity their guide;
To win a heavenly, not an earthly name,
Is the bright end of Dorothea's aim,
To calm the soul upon the bed of death,
And watch the humble Christian's parting breath,
The sick to comfort, succour those in need,
And prove to all the "Gift of God" indeed!

If such thy name, accept then from a friend,
The simple offering which these lines attend,
Their pompous presents to the rich I leave,
Nor envy those who give but to receive.
My gift accepted, each kind task will share;
Refresh the weak, revive the fainting fair;
And whilst you in its brilliant lustre find,
Th' unsullied emblem of a spotless mind,
It teaches all who view its tragic form,
That man is mortal, and at best a worm.

G.

# *PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR SEPTEMBER.*

## FRENCH THEATRE.

### *MAIDS TO BE MARRIED.*

[*Continued from Page* 110.]

ACT II. SCENE I.—AGATHE, PAULINE, THERESE, LEDOUX, *and* CORSIGNAC.

*Therese.* I told you how it was; the blow came from Ursule.

*Corsignac (to Pauline).* Do not let me suffer for the offence of your friend.

*Pauline.* You are forgiven.

*Ledoux (to Agathe).* Do not compel me to run away a third time.

*Agathe.* You may stay.

*Pauline.* How wicked if Ursule make my sister put on her riding dress.

*Agathe.* And to incite Pauline to put a romance in her ridicule.

*Corsignac.* And to made such a mixture of truth and falsehood, so as to compromise my innocence.

*Therese.* You will find that she has told some other story to Louise.

*Agathe.* But how came she not to fear lest we should reveal to each other the bad advice she gave us?

*Therese.* What does she care for this, now she has bred a quarrel between my father and Sainville?

*Pauline.* I have been told that Mr. Sainville has been seen going to visit Ursule's mother.

*Therese.* You see, she draws him into her net.

*Agathe.* God knows with what colour she will adorn our portraits.

*Therese.* The first condition she will impose upon him will be, never to see us again.

*Corsignac.* And my poor friend is so easily led.

*Therese.* Don't affect sorrow; you are happy. I, therefore, will give you little credit for your demonstrations of grief. It is my sister alone, my good Louise, whom I pity—and if I could, would assist. But stay—Oh! I have it! She deceived us with false representations and perfidious counsels, let us make use of the same weapon.

*Corsignac.* I understand you; you may rely upon me.

*Ledoux.* As for me, I cannot boast that I do; but will always be ready to help you.

*Therese.* Ursule is fond of scandal and discord; she thinks herself a wit, and it is easy to fancy that other people have the same tastes as ourselves.

*Pauline.* The truth of this we have proved to-day, Therese; you are right to refresh our memory.

*Therese.* First you, Mr. Ledoux, try to lead back to us Mr. Sainville, as you have been led by Mr. Corsignac.

*Ledoux.* Only give me the power to act, and I'll work wonders. I am naturally cunning and wily, and will tell him——. What shall I tell Mr. Sainville?

*Therese.* That it is very wrong in him to have thus forsaken an old friend, and that he ought to have excused my father's impetuosity.

*Corsignac.* Stay; I have the whole plan in my head, and will direct its execution. But Ursule is cunning as well as Mr. Ledoux. She will suspect both you and me. She is fond of scandal, and consequently curious.

*Therese.* She is.

*Agathe.* How often we have surprised her listening to our conversation, and watching our actions.

*Corsignac.* Oh! she is in the habit of listening! excellent! The whole now is to get her back here with Sainville; and this I will attempt to perform, assisted by the abilities of Mr. Ledoux.

*Ledoux.* Thank you for the honour you confer upon me, by choosing me for your ally in this important negociation. Let us lose no time—I go—I hasten.—(*To Agathe.*) Too happy if I could but obtain your approbation.

*Corsignac.* Let us lose no time, as you righly said; follow me.

[*Exeunt Corsignac and Ledoux.*

*Therese.* I do not know exactly what this Mr. Corsignac means to do. But, where is my father?

*Pauline.* Gone to scold his workmen.

*Therese.* No doubt of it; for when he is in a passion, every one must feel its effects.

*Agathe.* Hush! Here he is.

*Enter* JAQUEMIN.

*Jaquemin.* Here you are all at last.

*Agathe (to Pauline).* Is his anger gone?

*Pauline.* I believe it is.

*Jaquemin.* Well! are you frowning at me? It is true I have flown into a passion.

*Therese.* Yes, it frightens us at first, but as you are well known.———

*Jaquemin.* Where is Louise?

*Therese.* In her room, where she weeps, and refuses to be comforted.

*Jaquemin.* Poor girl! I have been in the wrong, I am afraid, yet I cannot go and beg her pardon. It is your fault, you three, that I have been unable to chain my anger.

*Pauline.* Very well, my dear guardian; scold us as much as you please.

*Agathe.* I prefer your violence to Miss Ursule's flattery.

*Jaquemin.* What of Ursule? Why she is one of the best girls in the world.

*Therese.* She! she is a deceitful intriguing coquet.

*Pauline.* It is she who was the cause of your quarrel with Mr. Sainville.

*Jaquemin.* Is it she? Yet Sainville is not the less guilty in my sight.

*Therese.* Should we try to make him understand reason.

*Jaquemin.* What! that I ask him here without resenting the manner in which he left me.

*Therese.* Never mind, leave that to me. We have already sent for him; and all I beg of you is to receive him well.

*Jaquemin.* That I should receive him well!

*Therese.* But especially do not let Ursule suspect you are acquainted with her actions.

*Jaquemin.* I shall have no difficulty to obey this injunction, since I know nothing of them.

*Enter* LEDOUX.

*Ledoux.* Here I am, ladies.

*Therese.* Where is Mr. Sainville?

*Ledoux.* He refused to accompany me.

*Jaquemin.* Here again, you see how he behaves.

*Ledoux.* But I must give Miss Ursule and her mother their due. These two ladies united their entreaties with ours, to persuade Sainville to come, but he declared Mr. Jaquemin had forbidden him his house, and then we were invited to dinner; Mr. Corsignac accepted, but I refused the invitation.

*Pauline.* He accepted; is this the way to prove his love for me?

*Agathe.* Is not Mr. Ledoux a skilful ambassador?

*Ledoux.* Every one cannot be successful, and I assure you, my exertions have not been spared. But I must inform you that Miss Ursule is following me. She no sooner heard of a misunderstanding with Mr. Jaquemin, than she offered herself as a mediator betwixt the two former friends.

*Jaquemin.* The deuce take me if I understand any thing in all this.

*Enter* URSULE.

*Ursule.* Good morrow, a second time, my dear friends.

*Therese.* Good morrow, my dear Ursule.

*Ursule.* What have I learned? Has Mr. Sainville been unfortunate enough to displease Mr. Jaquemin.

*Therese.* It is a mere trifle.

*Pauline.* A light cloud passing through a fair sky.

*Ursule.* I am very glad to hear it; *a propos*, he has paid us a visit.

*Therese.* Very natural; your parents knew each other.

*Ursule.* My mother engaged him to dine with us.

*Jaquemin.* He dines with you! I congratulate you upon the power you exercise over him.

*Ursule.* But I am determined to force him to an explanation with you.

*Therese.* An explanation! there is no occasion for it.

*Ursule.* He refuses in vain; I will find some means of bringing him here.

*Jaquemin.* I have no wish to see him.

*Ursule.* Let me act, and all will soon be right. But where is Louise?

*Enter* CORSIGNAC *and* SAINVILLE.

*Corsignac.* I have triumphed over his obstinacy; come in, and make your re-appearance, Sainville.

*Ursule.* Mr. Sainville!

*Sainville.* Truly, Corsignac, you exact too much.

*Corsignac.* My exertions have proved more successful than yours (*to Ursule*). I hope you do not feel hurt. Well, what mean all these serious faces?

*Jaquemim.* I do not wish to compel Mr. Sainville to visit me, if it be not pleasant to him.

*Sainville.* Remember, Sir, you forbade me.

*Jaquemin.* I am too impetuous!

*Therese.* Let's forget the past. (*To Sainville*) Had you not agreed to accompany my father before dinner to the house which is to be sold in our neighbourhood?

*Sainville.* I had.

*Jaquemin.* I beg to be excused, in the present moment, I cannot accompany you; but Mr. Ledoux will have that pleasure.

*Ledoux.* It will really be a great pleasure to me.

*Sainville.* I am ready to attend your commands.

*Ursule (aside).* I must make Agathe and Pauline speak.

*Jaquemin.* Very well; good bye, Mr. Sainville, I hope to see you soon. (*To Therese.*) I am going to see Louise. [*Exit.*

*Agathe.* I follow you. (*Low to Sainville as she passes by him.*) Louise alone will suit you. [*Exit.*

*Pauline* (*low to Sainville*). Believe me, Louise is as good as Ursule is wicked. [*Exit.*

*Ursule.* Wait for me, my good friends, I wish to converse with you. [*Exit.*

*Sainville.* They are all leagued against the amiable Ursule.

*Therese.* I'll lay any thing you had been forbidden to come and see us.

*Sainville.* Yes, by your father.

*Therese.* Not alone, but by Ursule and her mother.

*Sainville.* Well; their conduct only proves they felt acutely for my honour.

*Therese.* Now answer me plainly, do you think you can be happy with Ursule.

*Sainville.* She seems to have received a good education, to possess liberality of sentiments——.

*Corsignac.* And to love you; if you wish for a proof of this assertion, tell me what defect you will feign to have, and I'll be hanged if she does not instantly assume it.

*Sainville.* What is it you say?

*Corsignac.* Stay; I know you hate pretensions to wit and a disposition to slander; goodness and simplicity you admire. Go with Mr. Ledoux as you are engaged, at your return you will meet Ursule here and pronounce upon her merits.

*Sainville.* But I should like to know your meaning and not to be treated like a child.

*Corsignac.* Never mind, you must go. [*Exeunt* Sainville *and* Ledoux.

*Corsignac* (*low to Therese*). Ursule is coming, let us speak as though we did not see her. (*Aloud*) Yes, my only motive for accepting their invitation, was the hope of baffling Ursule's secret intrigues, for that she is intriguing there is no doubt.

*Therese.* I have been telling every body so, but no one will believe me.

[*Ursule walks tip-toe towards a closet in which she conceals herself, leaving the door a-jar.*]

*Corsignac.* Our interests are the same, let us act in concert. (*Low*) She is now in the closet. (*Aloud.*) Well, as I told you, I am to dine with Ursule, I'll try to win her confidence, and nothing will then be so easy as to overthrow all her plans.

*Therese.* But how?

*Corsignac.* This morning I revealed to her every good quality which adorns Sainville's mind; but this knowledge will be useless to her, we must study the defects of others to be able to please them.

*Therese.* And what are those of your friend?

*Corsignac.* Causticity, and a strong inclination to turn every body into ridicule.

*Therese.* How strange! I have heard honeyed words alone drop from his lips.

*Corsignac.* He was just arrived then; and longed to make himself amiable. His heart is good, his wit alone is malicious.

*Therese.* Then all is lost, for Ursule is also malignant, satirical and talkative.

*Corsignac.* We have only to persuade her, that she ought to affect simplicity and good nature. Sainville will fancy she is silly or an hypocrite, and in either case be disgusted with her. His second failing seems incompatible with the first, it is a strong pretention to be a wit.

*Therese.* Indeed?

*Corsignac.* He writes verses; he has formed the plan of a descriptive poem, according to the present fashion. He has composed a satire which I think very harmless; no matter, it shows his intention. He lays down all his thoughts, all his actions, and dedicates the greater part of his life to preparing posthumous memoirs.

*Therese.* Lord preserve us! Ursule comments on the *Mercure de France*, and guesses its charades; scolds Pauline because she only reads novels, and speaks of nothing else but literature, morals, sciences, chemistry, botany——.

*Corsignac.* Botany! it is Sainville's favourite study, let us tell her that he does not like a learned wife. And on your part, advise Louise to reveal her wit, and especially not to spare Ursule in her sallies.

*Therese.* This is impossible—my sister is so good natured.

*Corsignac.* Let her feign a while. It is so easy to speak ill of others, and to believe what is said against them, that she cannot help succeeding.

*Therese* (*low*). Enough, let us withdraw now.

*Corsignac* (*aloud and going*). Every thing is settled; I shall marry Pauline, and you your cousin.

*Therese* (*going*). Try to find Ursule, I go to meet Louise. [*Exeunt both.*

*Enter* URSULE *from the closet.*

*Ursule.* Very kind intentions towards me! Ah! you wish to ruin my plans; I am attacked, and must defend myself. Poor Louise, it is in vain they wish you to show what nature has denied you—wit. He writes verses too! what sympathy! Pauline seeks for it, and I find it. Oh! I am so angry, so joyful—I shall be avenged!—but hush! here he is.

*Enter* SAINVILLE *and* LEDOUX.

*Ledoux.* We could not see the house, the key was not to be found; but you do not want me

any more, and will permit me to leave you for Miss Agathe. [*Exit.*

*Ursule.* Is not Mr. Ledoux an excellent man?

*Sainville* I think so.

*Ursule.* He never meddles with intrigue; he never attempts to injure any body in the opinion of others.

*Sainville.* What do you mean?

*Ursule.* To be frank with you, you must know I have got enemies——.

*Sainville.* You?

*Enter* THERESE, *and steals into the closet.*

*Ursule.* Jealousy is a base and degrading vice. I am not blind; the visit you have paid my mother has made me the object of the hatred of certain persons—and yet what have we done? we have told you as much good of Mr. Jaquemin, his daughters, and wards, as we possibly could.

*Sainville* This is true.

*Ursule.* I am feared, and why? because I have been fortunate enough to receive a better education than ladies generally do. No one can hate affectation of wit and learning more than I, but a woman ought not to be an ignorant idiot.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

## HAYMARKET.

THIS theatre closed on Tuesday, the 15th, with the tragedy of *Hamlet*. In this play Mr. Young well employed the last opportunity that for some time he was likely to enjoy of demonstrating to the public his eminent talents. It is surely unjust, that an actor who has qualifications that in the important character of *Hamlet* are always respectable, and sometimes even brilliant, should be without an engagement at a winter theatre. Covent Garden, possessing the Kembles and Cooke, has certainly no need of tragic reinforcement; but in Drury-Lane there certainly is room for so good a tragedian as Mr Young. After the play Mr Fawcett returned thanks in the name of the proprietors and performers.

## DRURY-LANE.

ON Thursday, the 17th, this theatre opened for the season. Mrs. Jordan, whom the Managers have very wisely engaged for three successive seasons, appeared in her favourite character, the *Country Girl*. The house was crowded to the top, and she was welcomed on her entrance with the most enthusiastic applause. Mrs. Jordan is somewhat less *embonpoint* than when we saw her last. Her performance of this character has long been the pride of the stage, and the *chef d'œuvre* of modern comedy. An actress of such distinguished merit can scarcely become a subject of criticism. Of Mrs. Jordan it may be said, without flattery, what was said by Voltaire of a certain French actress,—"That her merit was of that species as rather to give new principles to criticism than to become a subject of its scrutiny. The standard of equality is not to be measured by line and rule."

Wroughton, whose performance of *Moody* does him great credit, was loudly welcomed, as were Palmer, Barrymore, and Holland. Miss Mellon, whose reception was equally flattering, must not be forgotten. In the Afterpiece, Bannister was most flatteringly received; his performance was admirable as usual. Mathews and Mrs. Mountain were heartily welcomed.

## COVENT-GARDEN.

THIS theatre opened for the season on Monday, the 14th, with *Romeo and Juliet*. Mr. C. Kemble is the best *Romeo* on the stage. Miss Smith has more spirit, but not so much warmth and tenderness as Mrs. H. Siddons in *Juliet*; altogether, we think her inferior to the abovementioned actress.

The Performers were greeted on their respective appearances with the usual testimonies of welcome. The *Beggar's Opera* was performed on Wednesday—Incledon was rapturously received, and his *Macheath* was excellent. Munden was welcomed in a manner equally flattering. Mrs. C. Kemble's *Lucy* was in the true spirit of the character, and her reception was such as she must have coveted. Miss Bolton was equally simple and pleasing, and is much improved in the character of *Polly*.

On Friday Mr. Kemble appeared in the part of *Penruddock*, in the *Wheel of Fortune*; his unrivalled excellence in this character is well known. Mr. K. was of course flatteringly received.

A sister of Mrs. C. Kemble has appeared in the Farce of *Raising the Wind*; she is a good figure, and may become, by instruction, a useful actress.